The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The Index to Volume LI. of The Bookman will be given with our next Number.

Walton Ricketson's bust of Thoreau, which is reproduced on our cover, was photographed from the original clay model, by kind permission of the sculptor. Dr. Emerson writes to Mr. W. T. Haydon concerning it:

"Walton Ricketson's bust of Thoreau is the best representation of him. I value it much. It is a good composite of poor material. It is idealised, but I think justly so. It has the suggestion of Breton descent in the breadth of the cheek bones. It gives his wide open, clear, fearless eyes, and these and the treatment of the hair give a pleasant out-of-door effect; also no one could suppose it was dark, or coarse, or oily hair. The strong nose is there, perhaps a little overstated. The mouth is better than Thoreau's as I remember it, but is not a far departure, and is in harmony with the rest of the face. The very sloping shoulders, yet thick chest (from back to front) are true."

For much assistance with the illustrations to our Thoreau articles we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Walter T. Haydon and to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A centenary essay on "Henry David Thoreau," by Henry S. Salt, has just been published as a thirty-page pamphlet at a penny by the Humanitarian League.

An admirable "Thoreau Calendar," containing a quotation from the works of Thoreau for every day in the year, is published by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

We are indebted to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, for the loan of our three portraits of Mr. W. D. Howells.

In "Back to Blighty" (2s. 6d. net) Captain A. J. Dawson records the personal experiences of fighting men who have recently been wounded on the Western Front. They are strikingly vivid tales of what is happening in the war, as narrated by those who saw or did the things they talk about. The book, which is illustrated with delightfully characteristic drawings by Captain Bairnsfather, is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

XUM

Photo by Elwin Neame. **Mr. Harry Tighe.**

The last novel of Mr. Murray Gilchrist, "Honeysuckle Rogue," which was published a few weeks ago by Messrs. Westall & Co., is now in its third edition, the second edition having been sold out before publication.

"Student Captives," by Alfred T. Davies, is the first official account of the work of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational), and is a wonderful record of what has been done in supplying our prisoners in internment camps in all the enemy and various neutral countries with the means of study and self-improvement. The public are asked to help by sending contributions or lists of books they can spare (not fiction or ancient classics) to Mr. Alfred T. Davies, at the Board of Education, Whitehall, S.W.

"The Way of Peace," a new book which Mr. H. Fielding Hall had completed and passed for press shortly before his death, will be published immediately by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

The well-known Parisian publishing firm of M. H. Piazza is shortly publishing, simultaneously in Paris and London, an edition de luxe of "The Life of Mohammad," the Prophet of Allah. The text is drawn from Oriental sources by Sliman-Ben-Ibrahim, and beautifully illustrated with thirty-five coloured plates, with decorative lettering, arabesques, and with twelve ornamental pages coloured and gilt, by the famous French painter, E. Dinet. M. Dinet is not only responsible for the illustrations, but has collaborated in writing the book, which is to be dedicated by him and his Arab collaborator to the memory of the Moslem soldiers, particularly those of France and England, who have laid down their lives for freedom and humanity in the war. The edition will be strictly limited to a thousand numbered copies, 875 on hand-made paper at £8, and 125 on Imperial Japanese vellum at £18 per copy. Full particulars can be obtained from the Paris Book Club, 11, rue de Chateaudun, Paris (9).

Mr. Harry Tighe, whose novel, "The Man in the Fog," was published recently by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co., is an Australian, and was born at Waratah. He came to England to complete his education at Cambridge, and has since travelled widely about Europe and the South Sea Islands. His most successful novel has been "The Four Candles," published by Mr. John Long in 1909. In this and other of his books Mr. Tighe gives very intimate, realistic presentments of modern Australian life. Disqualified by recent illness from serving in the army, he is latterly devoting himself to secretarial work in connection with the Autograph Library which has been collected for the Bayswater residential club for wounded officers—all the books having been generously presented by their authors.

Mr. Kineton Parkes,

Author of "Hardware," "The Triangle," &c.

Photograph of a bust by Lieut. Francis Derwent Wood, A.R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1915. Copyright of Lieut. Wood.

Captain Desmond Coke, who has been invalided home from France, has written a beautifully sympathetic Foreword to "There is No Death," a volume of poems by his friend Richard Dennys, which has just been published by Mr. John Lane. Richard Dennys was a Captain in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and fell in the Somme advance of July last year.

We have made many references to the young lives of literary promise which the war has tragically ended. A poet who has left work that sufficiently shows what might have been, Company-Sergeant-

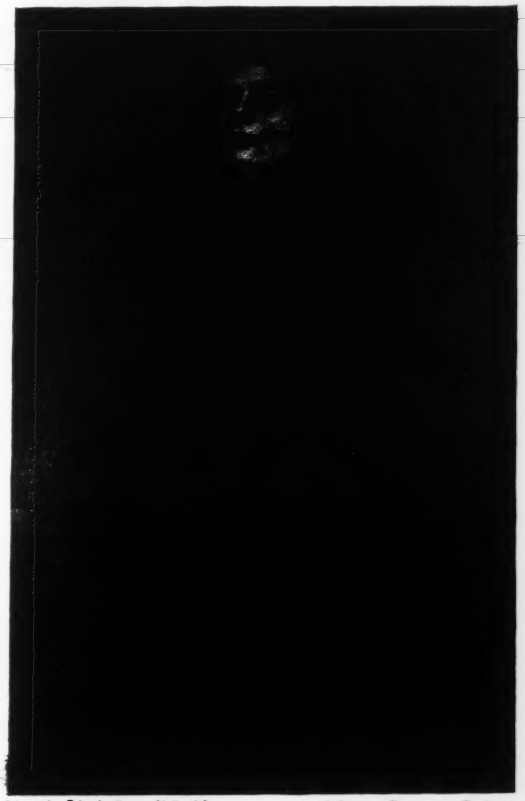
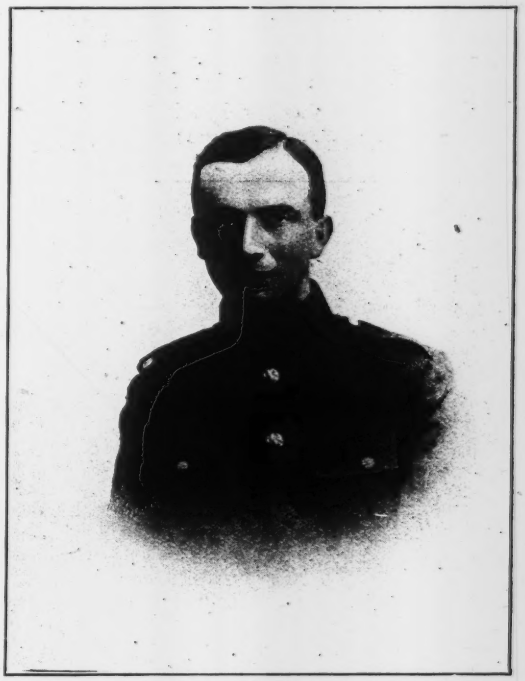


Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Miss Gwen John,**
whose new play, "The Lure of War," was produced last month by the Pioneer Players. "Plays," a volume by Miss John, was recently published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Major W. H. Littlejohn of the "Die-Hards," was only twenty-six when he was sniped in the battle of Arras, while in the act of cheering his men for the success they had won. He went unscathed through the Gallipoli campaign, afterwards served in Egypt, then came home discharged, but re-enlisted. He seems, in some lines from one of his poems, to have foreseen his own fate :

"So there's just a laughing death-song in my heart as up I plod
To the trenches, where my meed will be a six-foot stretch of sod,
With a plain wood cross above it—leave the rest of me to God."



Sergt.-Major W. H. Littlejohn.

Mr. Ward Muir, who has for long past been serving as an orderly at the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, has put his experiences with our wounded soldiers into a book which is the more realistic and the more poignant for being written in

Miss Cecilia Hill,
whose novel, "The Citadel," is published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

the spirit that characterises the men he tells about. He is calling it "Observations of an Orderly," and it will be published shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall. A striking cover has been designed by Sergeant Noel Irving, an orderly in the same hospital.

JANE BARLOW.

By Katharine Tynan.

By the death of Jane Barlow, Anglo-Irish literature has sustained a sad loss. Miss Barlow was a true artist. She wrote out of her heart of the things she loved, with a sincerity and a simplicity which belonged to a personality shy and retiring, but never narrow in its outlook, nor lacking in its sympathy.

She was one of those good gifts which Anglo-Ireland gives to the foster-country, one of those sprung of the English colonists who become in time more Irish than the Irish. Many such potential or actual Irish patriots must have been swept away or disillusioned by the Land Agitation, which, though a very necessary revolution, was not without its taint of sordidness. It was certainly unromantic. But it had no disillusioning power on Jane Barlow, who in childhood was thrilled by the Fenians, like many of her small contemporaries. Those were the nights when children lying abed saw in the gorse fires on the Dublin Mountains the signal-fires of the Fenians, and heard in the distant sounds of the traffic the tramp of armed men and the drums of the Fenians.

Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin. **Miss Jane Barlow,**

whose latest novel, "In Mio's Youth," a characteristic Irish story, Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

She loved Ireland most deeply and truly. She had certain precious gifts to give to Ireland—a gracious and lovely imagination, an exquisite vocabulary, a lambent sense of humour, a love of her kind, especially of Irish kind, and a quiet passion for the country and the people, without which all the rest might have been but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

She began her writing, or her publishing career, with poetry. Long before—or at least some years before—"Barred Out: Eschatology in a Bog," appearing in the *Dublin University Review*, set people to wondering about the anonymous writer, who was no more anonymous when "Bog-Land Studies," containing that, with some other story-poems, was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin as the work of "J. Barlow." The stiff little name might have been man or woman. It had a donnish sound. Miss Barlow's father died Vice-Provost of the University of Dublin, and her environment ought to have been a donnish one by right; but nothing could be further from what we mean by donnishness than Jane Barlow's heart and mind, nor, for the matter of that, her father's.

My first knowledge of her, curiously enough, was when we were both contributors to the *Hibernia* of George Noble, now Count Plunkett. Some of her poems there I had by heart, which is the best homage one can pay to a poet. From the time I reviewed "Bog-Land Studies" in *United Ireland*, somewhere midway of the great Parnell days, there was an uninterrupted friendship of more than a score of years.

She was one of the group of writers whom Sir W. R. Nicoll, in the 'nineties, presented to a public more keen about literature than in the decade that followed.

Jane Barlow was a mistress of short story writing, and at that time the short story was at its zenith. She was so modest about her own power that we may well be grateful to the one who encouraged, almost insisted, on her writing. It would have been quite like her to have written her beautiful books and never desired to publish them.

Her life was an enclosed garden. Her books are her outlook on life, and with all her gifts of observation and humour she had the eyes of the idyllist. Her work is a precious part of the Anglo-Irish literature, and to it the lover of the things that count in life and literature will come for joy and refreshment, long after the noisy names have fallen into silence.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE.

BY TINSLEY PRATT.

WITH the possible exception of Thomas de Quincey Manchester has not, in the past, produced any writer of very distinguished excellence. Of late years, however, there has emerged a group of writers—chiefly associated with the *Manchester Guardian*—who have appealed to a wider public, and some of them with very marked success. Amongst the elders may be named C. E. Montague, who, besides being a brilliant journalist, has published two novels of more than average ability; and Allan Monkhouse, both novelist and dramatist, whose great but austere gifts yet await suitable recognition. Another and younger group consists of three men who were contemporaries at the Manchester Grammar School—Stanley Houghton, Gilbert Cannan, and Harold Brighouse. The meteoric career of Houghton closed some time ago, and it is perhaps useless to speculate upon what he might have achieved had not death cut it short. Of the work of Gilbert Cannan, both as novelist and dramatist, it is unnecessary to speak here. I may just observe, however, that in some of his novels—"Three Pretty Men," for instance—he introduces scenes and places which are very familiar to Manchester readers. Perhaps it was no unfortunate chance that all these writers were known as critics before they emerged as creative artists. I well remember a famous actor-manager visiting Manchester with a rather poor play which was somewhat roughly handled by Houghton in the *Manchester Guardian*. Whereupon the actor wrote an exceedingly irate letter to the paper and challenged his critic to produce a better play. Houghton was not then known as a dramatist, but his subsequent production of "Hindle Wakes" and half a dozen other plays showed that he was fully equipped to rise to the challenge. Though contemporary with his friend Houghton—whose works he has edited—Harold Brighouse has been longer in coming into his own. Yet for a man who is still in his early thirties to have had fifteen or more plays produced on the stage is surely a very creditable record. And this is the more remarkable since, from the time of his leaving school until about two years ago, journalism and play-writing were merely leisure-time occupations. Consequently Mr. Brighouse—a Manchester man by birth and training—knows as much about Manchester men and their idiosyncrasies, not to speak of greys and prints, and all the rest of the jargon associated with the cotton trade, as he knows about writing for the stage. Who, then, should be more fitted to interpret the Manchester man to his fellows—and to the world at large—than one who for many years has daily rubbed shoulders with them on 'Change, or in the warrens of commerce? Dixon Scott very finely said in reference to Houghton: "I am a firm believer in the privilege, to an artist, of provincialism. It teaches him proportion and perspective, it teaches him humility, it persuades him, above everything, to that wordless belief in something finer than he has ever experienced, some splendid possibility in life, which is absolutely necessary in the absence of some more mystic faith to any who would observe the masked miracle of human nature with accuracy." Provincialism, then, has its positive value. Scott was undoubtedly right. In London, perhaps, one rarely gets beneath the surface of life—in the provinces convention is thrust aside, the canvas is less crowded and one really gets at the heart of things. It must not be supposed that Mr. Brighouse has achieved success without a long and hard struggle. Like most ambitious aspirants after literary and dramatic fame he began to write plays almost before his school-days were over. And, as usually happens, for some years he met with no success of any kind. But, Lancashire-like, he possessed an enormous fund of patience, and no amount of failure could baffle him. One learns, incidentally, that Miss Evelyn Millard was the first manager to accept a play from his pen; the Glasgow Repertory Theatre his second; while Miss Horniman produced his third at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. Curiously enough this latter piece—"The Doorway" (1909)—has a London setting. It is the expression of a poignant mood rather than a play proper. In this little sketch two London outcasts are,

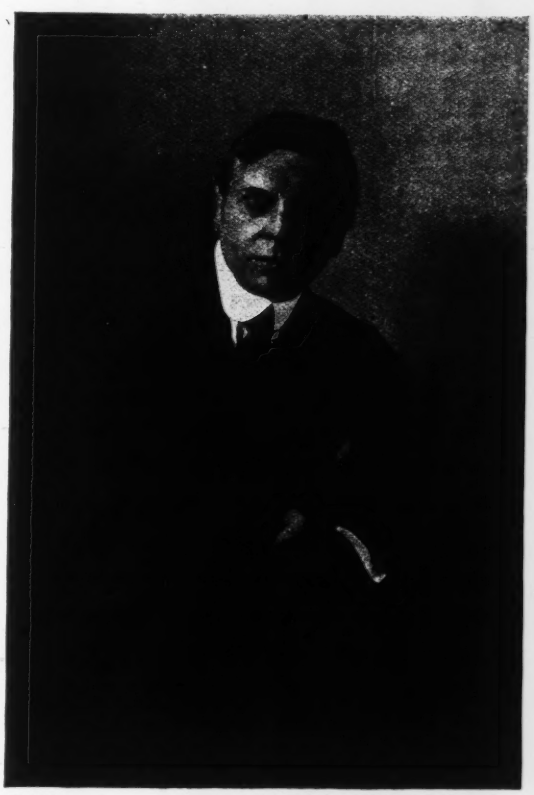


Photo by T. Longworth Cooper, Sale. **Mr. Harold Brighouse.**

on a winter night, sheltering in a river-side doorway where they exchange views upon life as they understand it; and those who, like the present writer, saw its first production some eight years ago, will not readily forget the haunting pathos which the author managed to crowd into this little tragedy. But writers of the Manchester school, Mr. Brighouse will tell you, are by no means a set of killjoys, as some stupid people still believe. For choice they are more disposed towards comedy than tragedy, and certainly in Mr. Brighouse's case we are more indebted to him for laughter than for tears. The following list—by no means complete—will give some idea of the productiveness of this Lancashire dramatist: "Dealing in Futures" (Glasgow, 1909); "The Price of Coal" (Glasgow, 1909); "Graft" (London, 1911); "Lonesome Like" (Glasgow, 1911); "Spring in Bloomsbury" (Manchester, 1911); "The Oak Settle" (Liverpool, 1911); "The Odd Man Out" (London, 1912); "Little Red Shoes" (London, 1912); "The Game" (Liverpool, 1913); "Garside's Career" (Manchester, 1914); "The Northerners" (Manchester, 1914); "Hobson's Choice" (America and London, 1916); "The Clock Goes Round" (London, 1916). Mr. Brighouse is a keen observer of contemporary life; a critic with an eminently sane outlook upon current affairs. The themes of his longer plays are labour problems, municipal jobbery, and political charlatanry. The types upon which he chiefly draws for his characters are the middle-class and the working-class. High life he has not yet exploited. But he is full of surprises, and is constantly breaking fresh ground. If in the future he should turn his attention to the production of drawing-room comedies one can have little doubt but that he will achieve success. He is a master in the art of the one-act play, and I venture to say that no better pieces of their kind have been written of late years than "The Price of Coal" and "Lonesome Like." The first of these, written originally in the Lancashire dialect, was translated into the speech of the Lanarkshire coalfield, and was produced at Glasgow. It deals with the heroism of the miners and the quiet stoicism of their wives. The tragedy which one is led to expect is averted, and the author springs a pleasant surprise upon his audience which rounds up the story happily. "Dealing in Futures" has something in common with Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." It is yet another story of the struggle between capital and labour. The "futures" are not "cotton futures," as might be supposed, but the lives of workmen and their families, and the play deals with the ethical problem involved of an employer who enriches himself at the cost of the lives of men who are engaged in unhealthy occupations. But though the play is written with a serious purpose, it is full of interludes of delightful comedy. "Garside's Career"—to refer to another of the longer plays—produced by Miss Horniman in Manchester and London, is a study of the rise and downfall of one Peter Garside, a Labour M.P. It is a subtle and convincing study of a type which is by no means uncommon in the ranks of the Labour Party. Though it has not met with the like success I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a much finer play than "Hobson's Choice," with which Mr. Brighouse has achieved his greatest popularity. This latter play—written in the early days of the war—aims at no higher purpose than to amuse, and in that it has succeeded beyond the author's most sanguine expectations. By a combination of ironical circumstances, however, it was first offered to a well-known London actor-manager who dallied with it for some time but could not make up his mind to produce it. It was then sent to America, where it was produced by Mr. Iden Payne in New York and met with immediate success, and was afterwards toured in all the principal towns of the United States. It was later produced at the Apollo Theatre, London, under American auspices, and met with like favour. It was recently produced in Copenhagen, India, and South Africa, where it has had a very flattering reception; and it is still delighting British audiences from one end of the kingdom to the other. So marked has been its success on the stage that Mr. Brighouse was prevailed upon to cast it into the form of a novel, and now, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Charles Forrest, he has given us "Hobson's."* Those who are familiar with this play need scarcely be reminded that the principal scene is a Salford boot-shop, and that the leading characters are Horatio Henry Hobson, his three daughters, and a boot-hand, Will Mossop. Hobson is a delightful old humbug—something of a local orator—who purposes disposing of his daughters after his own fashion. Maggie, the eldest, however, takes the bit in her teeth, and very soon dominates the situation. It is all most excellent fooling, and with more than a little wisdom interspersed. "Hobson's," I notice, has been compared by some critics with Dickens and with George Eliot. This may, or may not, be a compliment. However, I have reason to know that Mr. Brighouse—in our homely Lancashire phrase—"can't abide" Dickens; but if George Eliot had set out to write a novel about Salford she would probably have written something very like this story. Yet, indeed, there is no necessity to compare Mr. Brighouse's first novel with the work of either of these great writers. It has a quite individual style and flavour of its own, and though one may find traces here and there of this writer or of that it owes nothing to anyone in particular. "Hobson's Choice" was an exceedingly clever and diverting comedy; but "Hobson's" is much better—and that is a criticism which can very rarely be applied to a novel founded on a play. The characters are more completely developed; little philosophical reflections are introduced which add greatly to the interest of the story; and the writing throughout is on a very high plane.

Mr. Charles Forrest, who has had a hand in the shaping of the novel, will doubtless be heard of again. I remember an intense little play of his, "The Shepherd," which was produced by Miss Horniman some years ago. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre, too, produced another play from his pen—"The Cobbler's Shop." He, like Mr. Brighouse, is still young and full of ambition, and when relieved from his military duties with the 2/6th Essex Regiment, we may look for further good work from him.

* "Hobson's." By Harold Brighouse and Charles Forrest. 5s. net. (Constable.)

THE READER.

CENTENARY OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

1817—1862.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

By Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

IN childhood I had a friend, a free, brave, youthful-seeming man, who wandered in from unknown woods or fields without knocking,

> "Between the night and day
> When the fairy king has power,"

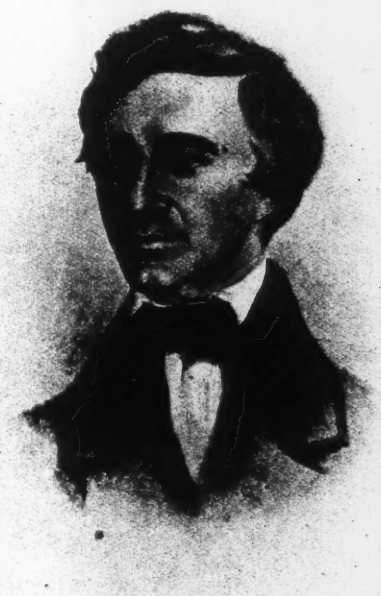
passed by the elders' doors, but straightway sought out the children, brightened up the wood-fire forthwith and it seemed as if it were done by a wholesome brave north wind, instead of by the armful of "cat-sticks" which he brought in from the yard. His type was Northern, strong features, light brown hair, an open-air complexion, with suggestion of a seafaring race; the mouth pleasant and flexible when he spoke; aquiline nose, deep-set but wide-open eyes of clear blue-grey, sincere but capable of a twinkle, and again of austerity, but not of softness; those eyes could not be made to rest on what was unworthy, saw much and keenly (but yet in certain worthy directions hardly at all), and did not fear the face of day. A figure short and narrow, but thick; a carriage assuring sturdy strength and endurance. When he walked to get over the ground, one, seeing his long uniform pace, was instinctively reminded of some tireless machine. His body was active, well-balanced, and his step could be light, as of one who could leap, or dance, or skate well at will.

His dress was strong and plain. He was not one of those little men who try to become great by exuvial methods of length of hair or beard, or broad collars, or conspicuous coat.

This youthful, cheery figure was a familiar one in our house, and when he, like the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," sounded his note in the hall, the children must needs come and hug his knees, and he struggled with them, nothing loth, to the fire-place, sat down and told stories, sometimes of the strange adventures of his childhood, or more often of squirrels, musk-rats, hawks, he had seen that day, the Monitor-and-Merrimac duel of mud-turtles in the river, or the Homeric battle of the Red and Black Ants. Then he would make our pencils and knives disappear; and redeem them presently from our ears and noses; and last would bring down the copper warming pan from the oblivion of the garret and unweariedly shake it over the blaze till reverberations arose within, and then opening it, let a white-blossoming explosion of pop-corn fall over the little people on the rug.

Later, this magician often appeared in house or garden, and always to charm.

This youth who could pipe and sing himself, made for children pipes of all sorts, of grass, of leaf-stalk, of squash and pumpkin, handsome but fragrant flageolets of onion tops, but chiefly of the golden willow shoot. As the children grew older he led them to choice huckleberry hills, guided them to the land of the chestnut and barberry, and more than all, opened that land of enchantment into which, among dark hemlocks, blood-red maples and yellowing birches, we floated in his boat, and freighted it with leaves and gentians and fragrant grapes from the festooning vines.



H. D. Thoreau.
1854.
From a crayon drawing by S. W. Rowse, now in Concord Library.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A little later he opened another romantic door to boys full of "Robin Hood," made us know for ourselves that nothing was truer than

> "'Tis merry! 'tis merry in the good green wood
> When mavis and merle are singing!"

Taught us how to camp and cook. Taught us also the decorum and manners of the wood, which gives no treasures or knowledge to the boisterous and careless; the humanity, not to kill a harmless snake because we thought it ugly, or in revenge for a start; and that the most zealous collector of eggs must always leave the mother-bird most of her eggs, and not go too often to watch the nest. He showed boys with short purses, but legs stout, if short, how to reach the nearest mountains—Wachusett and Monadnoc—and live there in a bough-house, on berries and meal

* All rights reserved.

XUM

and beans, happy as the gods on Olympus, and like them, in the clouds and among the thunders. He always came, after an expedition afar, to tell his adventures and wonders, and all his speech was simple, and clean and high. Yet he was associated with humble offices also, for, like the friendly Troll in the tale, he deftly came to the rescue when any lock or hinge or stove needed the hand of a master.

I saw this man, gravely and simply courteous, quietly and effectively helpful, always spoken of with affection and respect by my parents and other near friends; knew him strongly, but not noisily, interested on the side of Freedom in the great struggle that then stirred the country. When the red morning began to dawn in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry, I saw him deeply moved, and though otherwise avoiding public meetings and organised civic action, come to the front and, moved to the core, speak among the foremost against oppression.

Fatal disease laid hold of him at this time and I saw him face his slow death with cheerful courage.

Then I went away from home, and began to read his books; but I read them in the light of the man I knew. I met persons who asked questions about him; they had heard strange rumours and made severe criticisms; then I read essays and satires in which he was held lightly, or ridiculed—heard that he was pompous, rustic, conceited, that his thoughts were not original, that he strove to imitate another; that even his observations on natural history were of no value, and not new. Even in Concord I found that, while his manifest integrity commanded respect, he was regarded unsympathetically by many, and that not only the purposes, but many of the events of his life were unknown.

But it must be remembered that this was half a century ago. Even so, Thoreau's elevation and independence would not have made him popular in any age, and he was well in advance of his own. Let us fairly review the ground and see if with the light of latter years, and the better perspective, we may not find values there, passed by as naught, or as faults, in earlier years.

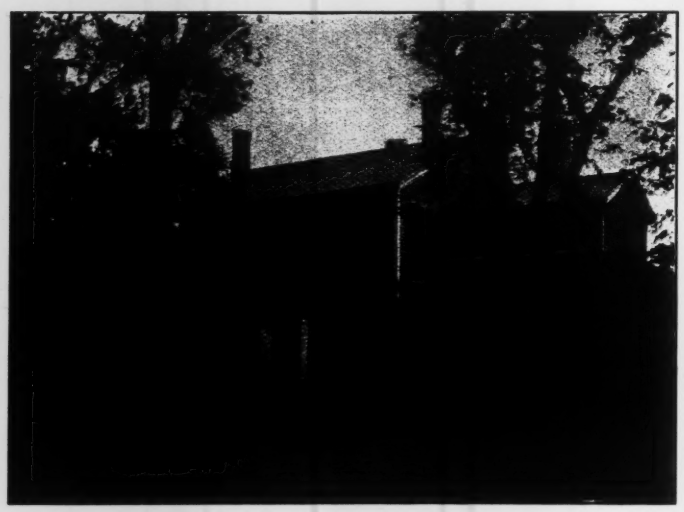
House in which Thoreau was born at Concord, Mass.

Thoreau once said that he was born in the best place in the world, among good people, "and in the very nick of time." John Thoreau, his father, a Jersey Breton by descent, was a kindly, quiet man, a pencil manufacturer. The mother, of Scottish ancestry, was spirited, capable and witty, with an edge to her wit on occasion, but generous, often showing great kindness, especially to young people, and with a rare talent for making home pleasant, for this woman knew how to keep work and care in their proper places, and give life and love precedence. These parents early introduced their children to the woods and their treasures.

Henry prepared for Harvard in the Concord schools. Out of hours he attended the Dame School taught by Nature—one of her best boys. In college, Henry did not suffer the rigid curriculum to trammel him too much, but haunted the library, acquiring there a knowledge of good authors, remarkable then as now.

I must pass over the period when, with his brother, he taught a private school far in advance of its day; then the happy river voyage together, and the, to Henry, almost crushing loss of this brother. They were just enough unlike to increase the interest and happiness of their relation. It was one of closest sympathy. It is believed that they were both charmed by one young girl; but she was denied them and passed out of their horizon. In reading what Thoreau says of Love and the poem relating to his loss,* one sees that even his disappointment elevated his life.

In the next few years he worked with his father in the pencil shop, and wrote constantly, and the woods and river drew him to them in each spare hour. He wrote for the *Dial* as



Thoreau's house in Main Street, Concord, Mass.

* "Sympathy," in which the lady is thus disguised:—

"Lately, alas! I knew a gentle boy."

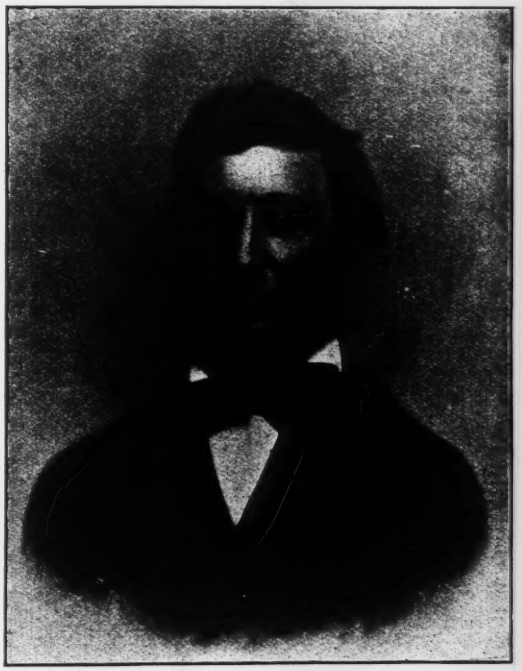
the organ of the new thought of the region and hour, and he generously helped edit it. He relieved his friend Emerson from tasks which to him were hopeless, by his skill in gardening and general household works, and twice took charge of his house and family during his long absence.

After Henry's death, his sister gave me some account of their black-lead business, and years later, after her death, I looked up the matter with some care. Full details would take up too much space, but I wish here to clear my honoured friend's memory from the imputation of idleness to the neglect of his family's support and welfare. He brought his reading, his thought, and his notable mechanical skill to the service of his father's humble business of grinding plumbago and making pencils, and soon, by their experiments and invention, in which the evidence is strong that Henry bore an important, and probably the principal, part, made the best American lead-pencil of their day, and put their powdered plumbago, for fineness and quality, ahead of all manufactured in that country. The newly-discovered art of electrotyping vastly increased the demand for their product which, because of the excellence of their secret process, had, for years, practically the monopoly of the market.

Thus it appears that this ne'er-do-well so helped on the improvement of his father's business that he left it in advance of competitors. Then, though he declined to put his life into that trade, preferring trade with the Celestial City, he found time, after his father's death, to oversee for his family the business which gave them a very good maintenance and, when it was necessary, to work at it with his own hands while health remained. Yet he did not think fit to button-hole his neighbours on the street and say, " You mistake, I am not idle."

His own Spartan wants of plain food, strong clothing, and telescope and a few books, with occasional travel in the cheapest style, were supplied in a variety of ways. For he had what is called in New England, " faculty " ; was a good gardener, mechanic, and emergency-man. But his leading profession was that of a land-surveyor. In this, as in his mechanics, he did the best possible work.

Walden Pond, East Shore.



H. D. Thoreau. 1856.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Thoreau enjoyed his surveying, and the more if it led him into wild lands " East of the Sun, West of the Moon." But he construed his business largely, looking deeper than its surface. While searching for their bounds with his townsmen and neighbours in village, swamp and woodlot, he found everywhere, marked far more distinctly than by blazed oak-tree or stake and stones, lines, imaginary truly, but forming bounds to their lives more impassable than stone. Many he saw imprisoned for life, and he found these walls already beginning to hedge in his horizon, shut out the beautiful free life of his hope.

" Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

sang the poet, and Thoreau, mainly to save a view of those heavens and, that the household clatter and village hum drown not the music of the spheres, went into the woods for a time.

His sojourn for two happy wholesome years by Walden's shores, which he did not pretend were primeval wildness, was a spiritual, intellectual, social, and economic experiment. He did not go there as a Jonah crying out on Nineveh, but to mind his own business, away from entanglement in village or household affairs where he was not needed; studying Nature, writing his first book, keeping his charming journal, he could not forbear

" To chant the bliss of his abode
To men imprisoned in their own."

Of what his wood-walks were to him he said: " I do not go there to get my dinner, but to get that sustenance which dinners only preserve me to enjoy, without which dinners were a vain repetition." His genius was solitary, and though his need for friendly and social relation with his kind was great, it was

occasional, and to his lonely happiness the world will owe the best gifts he has left. "It is not that we love to be alone," he said, "but that we love to soar, and, when we do soar, the company grows thinner, till there is none at all."

Thoreau was a strong, loyal and helpful friend; never a caressing or flattering one. He was a good talker, unless led away by a certain hereditary enjoyment, from Scottish ancestry, of intellectual fencing. Paradoxical statement of his highly original thought sometimes interfered with pleasantest relations. His friend Emerson, honouring and valuing him, complained of this foible. Thoreau held this trait in check with women and children and humble people who were no match for him; with them he was simple, gentle, friendly and amusing; and all testify his desire to share the pleasant things he knew from his own experiences. But to a conceited gentleman from the city, or a dogmatic or patronising clergyman or editor he would, as Emerson said, appear as a "gendarme, good to knock down cockneys with."

Statue of Emerson in Concord Library.
Not hitherto published in England.

He could afford to be a philosopher, for he was first a good common man. It takes good iron to receive a fine polish. His simple, direct speech and look and bearing were such that labourers, mechanics, farmers, would not put him down in their books as a fool, or visionary, or helpless, as the scholar, writer or reformer might probably do.

He has been accused of copying Emerson; the charge is frivolous. Thoreau's course in college and as a teacher, his original and sincere writing in college themes and early journals prove that Thoreau was Thoreau, and not the copy of another. His close association, under the same roof, for months, with the maturer Emerson may, not unnaturally, have tinged his early writings, and some superficial trick of manner or of speech been unconsciously acquired, as often happens. But this is all that can be granted. Entire independence, strong individuality, was Thoreau's distinguishing trait, and his foible was not subserviency, but combativeness in conversation, as his friends knew almost too well. Conscious imitation was not to be thought of as a possibility of this strong spirit. Nor was he a product of the Transcendental epoch, though stimulated by it.

Thoreau was humane in the widest sense. He felt real respect for the personality and character of animals, and could never have been guilty of asking, with Paul, "Doth God care for oxen?" He respected his little forest neighbours, and felt that, until men showed higher behaviour, the less they said about the "lower animals" the better. For all life he had reverence, and just where the limits of conscious life began and ended he was too wise and too hopeful to say. He was more than naturalist. He said of Nature: "She must not be looked at directly, but askance, or by flashes; like the head of the Gorgon Medusa, she turns the men of science to stone." How Thoreau felt when alone with Nature, may be gathered from his own words about her: "At once our Destiny and Abode, our Maker and our Life."

In his early books, the youth tried to wake up people, a little roughly, to see the poor mill-round of their days, and show freedom and joy within reach; this many resented. Have the conduct and words of most poets, prophets, even the founders of the great religions, been considered sagacious "on 'Change"? But later, in the journals, he drops the north wind method, and the enchanting haze of a poet's thought brings out the beauty in commonest things. Thoreau was half a century in advance of his time. "If I do not keep step with others"—he writes in his journal, "it is because I hear a different drummer." "Let a man step to the music which he hears—however measured, and however far away."

THOREAU: PHILOSOPHER, POET, NATURALIST.

BY WALTER T. HAYDON, F.L.S.

"That which properly constitutes the life of every man is a profound secret. Yet this is what every one would give most to know, but is himself most backward to impart."
Thoreau's Journal, Vol. I., p. 6.

TO Marian Evans (George Eliot) belongs the honour of having introduced Henry David Thoreau to British readers; a brief but appreciative review of "Walden, or Life in the Woods" from her pen appeared in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1856. The review might have been written by one who had personal acquaintance with Thoreau, as the following quotations indicate:

"In a volume called 'Walden, or Life in the Woods'

. . . we have a bit of pure American life (not the 'go-ahead' species, but its opposite pole), animated by that energetic, yet calm spirit of innovation, that practical as well as theoretic independence of formulæ, which is peculiar to some of the finer American minds. The writer tells us . . . how he built his house; how he earned the necessaries of his simple life by cultivating a bit of ground. He tells his system of diet, his studies, his reflections, and his observations of natural phenomena. These last are not only made by a keen eye, but have their interest enhanced by passing through the medium of a deep poetic sensibility; and indeed, we feel throughout the book the presence of a refined as well as a hardy mind."

The next notice appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, 1857, a writer reviewing the same book, unconsciously indicating the special characteristic that constitutes the charm and much of the value of this book, namely, the egotism displayed by the use of the pronoun *I*, which he says "stands like an obelisk in the midst of a level, though by no means barren expanse." That *I* represented *personal experience*, the value of which cannot be over-estimated in a work devoted to Nature out-of-doors, where "limpidness, sweetness, and freshness," together with "vitality, sincerity, and genuineness," are, according to John Burroughs, absolute essentials. Thoreau's vindication of the personal pronoun in the opening paragraphs of "Walden" is very ingenious, at once arresting the reader's attention, assuring him that he is entering upon a book written with deliberation and from the life.

Thoreau's first book, "A Week on the Concord," published in 1849, was unnoticed in the British press. In America it was a failure, only 219 copies being sold in four years.

This book is still regarded by many as a good Nature book spoiled by the interpolation of moral, religious, and literary dissertations; the great awakening to freedom of thought inaugurated by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and others, had in marvellous fashion linked the noblest aspirations of religion to the ever extending revelations of Nature. Nature in all her varied aspects and moods was being impressed into the spiritual service of man; but not without opposition. The gentle Emerson had been the subject of

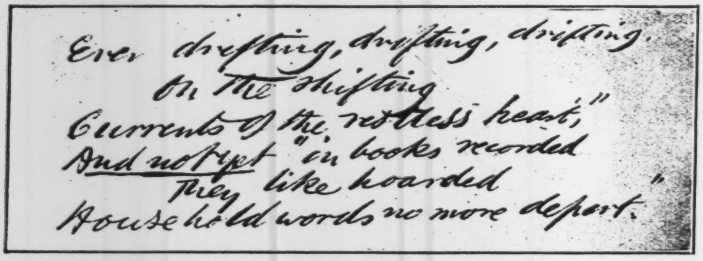
H. D. Thoreau.
1861.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

gross calumny and misrepresentation, because he had dared in Puritan Boston to claim a place for Nature in man's spiritual development. The narrow-minded in religion were rebelling against what they regarded as an intrusion into their special domain, and Thoreau in the *Week* not only magnifies the function of Nature, but challenges those who would enforce doctrines and dogmas: "What right," he says, "have you to hold up this obstacle to my understanding you, to your understanding me? . . . The wisest man preaches no doctrines; he has no scheme; he sees no rafter, not a cobweb, against the heavens. It is clear sky."

Who, then, was this man who had the temerity to print a thousand copies of his first book at his own expense, and the audacity to preface his second with, "I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbours up"?

Henry David Thoreau was born at Concord, Massachusetts, on July 12th, 1817. John Thoreau, Henry's father, was the only son of another John Thoreau, who, at the age of nineteen, in the year 1773, emigrated to New England from St. Helier, Isle of Jersey. Henry's father, at the time of his birth, was in charge of the small farm on the Virginia Road, occupied by his wife's mother. He was the third child of the family: his sister Helen, and his brother John, one five years, the other three years his senior; a second sister, Sophia, was added two years later.

Cairn marking the site of Thoreau's hut at Walden.


Ever drifting, drifting, drifting.
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;"
And not yet "on books recorded
they like hoarded
Household words no more depart."

Facsimile of Thoreau's writing.

From the original MS. of "Cape Cod"—a quotation from Longfellow's "Seaweed," with an underlined variation in the fourth line.

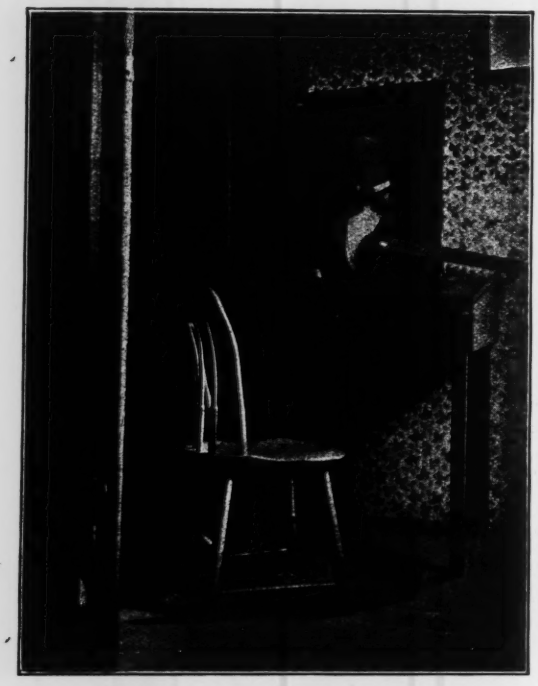
When Henry was eight months old the family went to Chelmsford, thence to Boston, where he received his first schooling. In 1823 they returned to Concord, where his education was continued at the village schools. In 1833 he went to Cambridge, and graduated there in 1837. On leaving Harvard, he undertook scholastic duties in his native village, but being in advance of his time was not altogether successful. In 1841 he became an inmate of Emerson's household, where he remained two years. It was while residing here that his beloved brother John died. Sixteen days after the death of John, Emerson's little Waldo passed away in his sixth year. These events must have drawn the two friends into a close and loving sympathy, for theirs was a common loss.

From 1845 to 1847 Thoreau dwelt in his hut by Walden Pond. Then for another year he was the man of Emerson's house, while Emerson made his second visit to Europe. On Emerson's return, Thoreau went back to pencil-making with his father, to surveying and to the various odd jobs his fellow-townsmen found him willing to undertake. Much of his time, however, was devoted to the study of Nature, and to writing. In 1860 serious lung trouble developed, partly due to the inhalation of plumbago dust, and to want of care in exposing himself to wet and cold. Of this trouble he passed away on May 6th, 1862, having as Emerson said at his funeral, "in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world."

Thoreau was a philosopher, a poet, and a naturalist. Ellery Channing was inspired when he combined the two last into Poet-Naturalist, for it was with a poet's eye he surveyed the landscape, examined the trees and flowers; with poet's ear listened to the music of the wild; and with a poet's soul fraternised with the birds and animals. Moreover, it was, for the most part, in poetic language he described his numerous observations of Nature and her ways.

Thoreau as a naturalist has received but scant attention; in fact, as such, he has been frequently misrepresented. Van Doren, in his "Critical Study of Thoreau," 1916, says, "Emerson, who knew him best, cannot always be relied on to give a fair account of the man, because Emerson's interest in him was the interest of a philosophic father in a philosophic son; he spoke of him as 'my Henry Thoreau'; he commended Thoreau the naturalist only because he practised (or so Emerson believed) what Emerson the philosopher preached." This sentence, assuming as it does a knowledge of Emerson's mind impossible for Van Doren to possess, is a flagrant misrepresentation, not to give it a stronger name. Van Doren wants perspective.

Label used by Thoreau for his pencils.



Thoreau's desk and chair.

The portrait on desk was made by Miss Sophia Thoreau, and is labelled as being that of John Thoreau, Henry's brother, but Dr. Emerson writes that "it might just as well be meant for Henry."

Lowell in his "Essay on Thoreau" is possibly worse, for he says: "It is curious, considering what Thoreau afterwards became, that he was not by nature an observer." He further states that: "He discovered nothing. He thought everything a discovery of his own."

Thoreau, however, did make discoveries, among which may be mentioned several new fish, a mouse, more than one tortoise; new facts concerning the habits of birds; and many new plants were added to the flora of New England by reason of his close and careful observations.

An old-time naturalist has but to glance through the pages of Thoreau's "Journals" to be assured that he was collecting material for a work on Natural History, possibly of Concord. A sentence in his last letter,

dictated by him to his sister Sophia just six weeks before his death, suggests some such intention. "I have not been engaged in any particular work on Botany, or the like, though, if I were to live, I should have much to report on Natural History generally." To this end he sought to comprehend the points wherein species differed; to know the habitats of plants and animals, but above all, to record their habits and to understand, in some degree at least, the motive of those habits; to understand the amount of protection given to animals by their colour markings, etc.

Thoreau's grave, Sleepy Hollow, Concord.

His description of a chestnut burr and its contents is more complete and far more interesting than can be found in any textbook of Botany, for by his deft comparisons, right inferences, and simple language, he not only secures the reader's interest, but makes specially easy the retention of the facts. Here, as elsewhere, he fulfils his own demands, that "we require that the reporter be very permanently planted before the facts which he observes, not a mere passer-by; hence the facts cannot be too homely." The fact is, that Thoreau's observations of Nature were so carefully made that they did possess a real scientific value. His descriptions are accurate, well drawn, and charmingly written. His account of the struggle of the wild apple-tree with its environment is unsurpassed for its accuracy and grace of telling.

He did not, however, pursue his study of Nature entirely from a desire to advance the cause of science; he saw deeper into things; he desired to penetrate the symbolic meaning he believed to lie hidden in her every manifestation: whether it were in a blade of grass, in the morning mist, or in the soughing of the wind in the pines. To him, as to Emerson, every aster was loaded with a thought, to him also, there were

"Wandering voices in the air,
And murmurs in the wold."

It may be true that "the scientific study of Nature tends to correct and ennoble the intellectual conceptions of man." Yet it is equally true, as Thoreau says, that "our science, so called, is always more barren and mixed with error than our sympathies." Nature to Thoreau was twain; the reality and man's apprehension of it. That which did not recognise moral action as conjoined with a study of Nature was not science.

Yes, Emerson was right, when at the funeral of his friend he said: "The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task which none else can finish, a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that he should depart out of nature before yet he has been shown to his peers for what he is. But he at least is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty he will find a home."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

"Our life is frittered away by detail. Simplicity! Simplicity! Simplicity! I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not as a hundred or a thousand."

Walden.—What I Lived for.

Simplicity! For that alone, he dwelt
By Walden pond, where he might best achieve
The heart's desire he long within had felt.
Where hints from the unseen he might receive,
Or find new readings of the ancient runes
Graved on the earth by frost, and sun, and wind
Whose master-touch awakes the old sweet tunes
From wood-strung hills, soothing the weary mind.
There day by day in all his varying moods
He dwelt alone. Oft, filled with dreams of eld,
Stood by the magic mirror of the woods
And, by its spell, the Art of God beheld.
Thus grew he wise in all unworldly ways;
We love him thus, who thus earned thanks and praise.

ERIC BRITON.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

IT is a grateful pleasure in these days, when the British Commonwealth has become allied in the supreme enterprise of history with the people of the United States, to pen an appreciation of him who has been termed the Dean of American Letters. Mr. Howells has lived a full literary life. As editor, essayist, farce-writer, poet and humorist, social reformer, gentle satirist, genial philosopher, publisher's reader (even that!) and novelist, he has filled-out a body of work almost encyclopædic in its content. Dominie Sampson's is the only word for it—Pro-di-gious!

It is chiefly as a novelist that Mr. Howells comes into this gallery. Fiction has been his main interest: his pleasure, his profession, as well as incidentally the means of illustrating and expressing his views on a certain literary principle—of which, as the serialists once did say, more anon. The record of his novels is a lengthy one: a complete list of his serious published works in poetry and prose must reach the hundred; yet it can be safely asserted that not a page, not a paragraph, not a line, in this prodigious output, shows sign of carelessness or haste. On the contrary, the reality, clarity, delicacy, cleanness, charm of his work, carry it to the front rank of distinction. That it has faults, that sometimes it lacks interest, and has occasional unevenness, unduly protracted conclusions, and so on, goes without saying. Such deficiencies are a part of human quality, and incidental to work in which the heart as well as the mind has play. But, considering all things, the measure and standard of Mr. Howells' literary achievements are of sterling quality and high ideal.

William Dean Howells at 18.

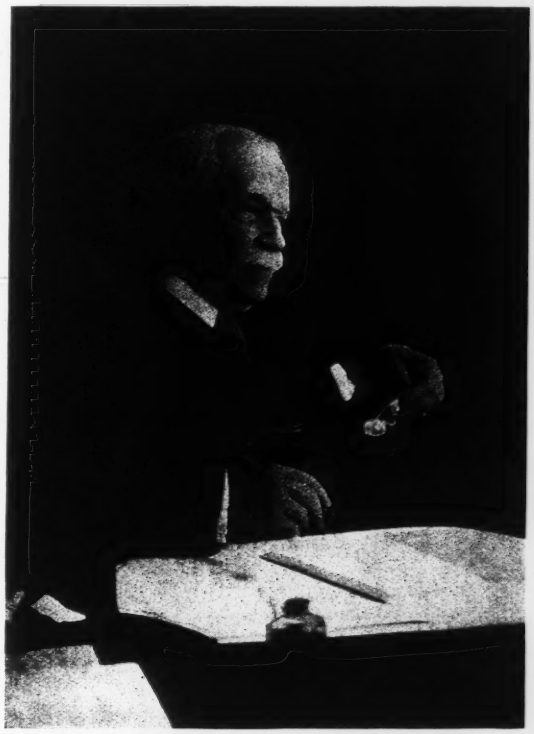
(By courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Moreover (we have come to the anon) he has stood for a principle. In season and out of it—in the Study Chair and elsewhere—he has been the protagonist of reality in fiction, engaging heartily on one side of a battle in which manifestly there are two sides. Between romance and reality, or as the academic seem to prefer it, between romanticism and realism, is a great gulf fixed, and a duel as perpetual as that, fought since the spring of time, between day and night. The realist who demands truth, and nothing but the truth, regards the romanticist, who uses the inventions of the imagination to colour and enhance the values of his creation, as an exploiter of emotions and many things else. In his championship of reality Mr. Howells has been forthright; and has banged with a will what, in an autobiographical fragment, he once called "the monstrous rag-baby of romanticism." Never has he modified the vigour or purpose of his assaults. "I detested the sentimental and romantic in fiction," said he, and in his written work has justified his faith. "I take it that the very highest fiction is that which treats itself as fact, and never once allows itself to be otherwise." It would be a pleasant exercise to debate and even to dispute that determined proposition; but there is other business toward. Reality, as proclaimed by Mr. Howells, is in the present connection of close concern, because his novels are a continuous example of the principle he has preached. Every inch, every ounce of his writings stands the test of truth to humanity, to nature, to life. As he has preached so has he practised; and it is safe to assert that without his teaching and example American fiction—too full as it is of slop—would have been on a lower plane. Mr. Howells' services to literature in England and his own country are unquestionable. If he has not himself written the "great American novel," he has assuredly helped with its essential foundations.

It is time to turn to the novels with their wide diversity of characters to appreciate the truth and quality of his art. Every person in his pages, no matter how brief the appearance of that person may be, lives, has a sufficient purpose in the story, and is recognisably distinct. Story, said we. Once upon a time the big drums of literary journalism pounded at Mr. Howells because he claimed not to tell a story; the portrayal and analysis of a condition of society with the consequent completion of characters being purpose enough; but, in sooth, he tells and has told stories from the earliest of his fiction. Sometimes the narrative interest, as in "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," is extremely slight; the abiding human element in those books being blanketted with pages of guide-book; but the large measure of his serious work is story, definite story, subtly developed and well told. Lest some devotee of the other side (once it might have been even Mr. Howells himself) demand an example: better

than one, take two; the first of his notable successes, that fine study of ambitious, imperfect, strong, weak, lovable man, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and the most recent—published on the threshold of its author's eighty-first year—"The Leatherwood God." It is not in the analysis of complex characters that the interest of these novels solely abides. The story, the struggle against conditions too strong, made by Colonel Lapham and by the pitiable charlatan Joseph Dylks, holds the mind, until we come to the defeat with triumph which, in a way, is the end of both.

It may be granted that in Mr. Howells' novels the story—so often by the careless miscalled the plot—is the element that matters least. Their appeal lies first and all the time in the reality; and then in the other ingredients of good workmanship. So true is this, so fully has Mr. Howells mastered the instruments and cunning of his trade, that it is no exaggeration to say he might be dubbed the novelists' novelist, pretty well as justly as Spenser was called the poet of the poets. His consistency is especially notable. He is just, and no more, to the last degree. Take, for instance, that very tame aspirant to literary honours, Shelley Ray of "The World of Chance." Mr. Howells shows a deeply sympathetic interest in the young man's endeavours, surrounds him with a company of alluring people—Kane and Brandreth, Hughes and his daughters, with Ansel Denton intervening, would be worth going to Boston to meet—and, it is easy to believe, had at one time set his heart on marrying him to Peace; but no, Ray is so hesitant, so pleasantly egoistical, so determinately tame, that she must be too good, as she is certainly too competent, for him; therefore, he is summarily deprived of the hoped-for bride. It is a just conclusion, and should be an example and rebuke to those type-tapping, scrambling purveyors of fiction who appear willing to sacrifice any consistency to win the ultimate wedding.



Mr. W. D. Howells.

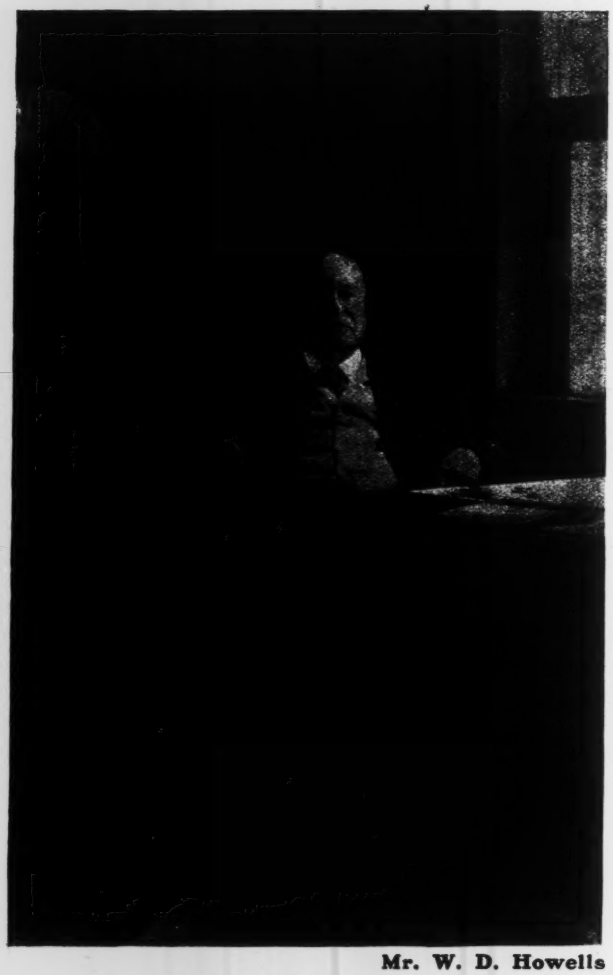
(By courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.)

That of Ray was a case where literary conscience demanded that justice should be done; and so it was with Arbuton and Kitty in "A Chance Acquaintance." Such a couple, admirable as they were in their different ways, could only have married in haste to repent. A definite engagement, though lasting no longer than two or three weeks, would have brought the collapse that came. Yet not a few of the less-truthful novelists would have demanded their union to satisfy the many-headed multitude who glory in the delicious tears and thrills of sentimentality.

So much for Mr. Howells' artistic truthfulness: his characterisation is also a study and delight to the serious. To select any one character for analysis is like making choice out of infinity. Which is the finest shell on the shore, or flower in the field, or star in the sky? To name but a random few: Clementina Claxon, "Ragged Lady," and Mrs. Lander; Don Ippolito, the priest who was quickened and scorched by a sudden love; the young men, Ford, Hinkle, Ferris and Staniford; Lydia Blood, the lady of the "Aroostook"; the Marches, the Ellisons, the Kentons; Joseph Dylks, Dr. Boynton and his daughter; the Lapham girls and Bromfield Corey; the slightly-drawn but sufficiently odious Mrs. Murray of "Out of the Question"—it would be the easiest thing in the world to fill a page with the list of people, good and bad, notable and truthfully commonplace, pleasant and not so pleasant—definite breathing personalities every one of them—who pass across Mr. Howells' pages. And which is the finest study of them all? A futile question, of course; for any particular character drawn from a wide humanity is bound to challenge difference of opinion—but surely none is superior, let us say, in subtlety of construction, affectionate portrayal or insight, to Dr. Boynton of "The Undiscovered Country," which novel, again greatly venturing, I claim to be the best and most beautiful of the series. It touches deeps, has a kindness of outlook, and a truth, only to be attained by writers dowered to some degree with greatness.

Boynton is a larger study of the later Dylks, though the doctor, unlike the passing god of the Leatherwood district, is absolutely self-deceiving. He has a realised basis for his insistent faith to work upon, Egeria, his daughter and medium, being, until crisis intervenes, more than a promising subject for his spiritual investigations and the ignorant vanities that were exploited by Le Roy and the other rogues or fools who infested him. Boynton's earnestness, simplicity, actual though unconscious selfishness, obstinacy, courage, vanity, half-knowledge, are developed with the confidence and insight carrying power, because behind them is the humanity essential to the finest creation. When the crash comes, and Boynton in the haven of Shakers, so touchingly, charmingly drawn, discovers the truth, that he has spent his life in the pursuit of a mean phantom, he confesses his folly bravely.

"Light shone on me from one side, and I cast a shadow in this direction; light shone on me from the other side,



Mr. W. D. Howells
in his country house in Maine.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.)

and I cast a shadow in that direction. My mistake was to fancy at both times that the shadow was I."

Here to the fullness of its truth and, yes, its sweetness, is the pathos that follows the fall of a not-ignoble pride. This character, as are so many others in this lengthy gallery of living people, is intensely human in his weakness and his strength, and so adds justification to Mr. Howells' ideals and efforts. And the secret pervasive influence of these books is due to the personality of their writer.

The success and the life of any artistic work depends not only on its intellectual and æsthetic values, but on the human warmth and charm, drawn from the writer's self, with which it is embued. We love Charles Lamb because of himself. Even the "Essays of Elia" are a second consideration. So, also, with Goldsmith, and some others. It is, in truth, the kindly, genial, simple-hearted and generous humanity of the artist that gives the life that endures. Mr. Howells belongs to the happy company, his productions are blest with the vital essence. A genial heart and mind are his to charge with kindliness and humour the output and expression of his gifts. He has, also, something of the dower of the poet. This is shown in the occasional prose passages that escape his scrupulous adherence to the demands of reality, as in the perfect phrase describing the outstanding feature of the main street in New York, "the beautiful spire of Grace Church thrilling heavenward like a hymn." If that is not a concession to the romantic, what is? "It is because Mr. Howells is essentially a poet," said the late Professor C. E. Norton, "that he secs and describes our American life with such insight and such worth." That is just and true, though the body of his verse leads one to think he is a poet rather in feeling and apprehension than in the music and technique of expression. One poem, at least, calls to be quoted, so well does it illustrate.

"Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

"Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life!"

The second of Professor Norton's assertions is equally true, and again—and always—in considering the work of Mr. Howells must be remembered. He wrote of, and for, America and the Americans, no matter where his scene happens to be. So determinately American he was, and is, that frequently in his early books, when the tide of emotion roused by the war of the North and South still was on the ebb, he girded with satire and effect at the prejudices and foibles of the English. Well, we can afford to enjoy those passing, palpable hits, now that the ocean-sundered Anglo-Saxon peoples, won by a great cause, have swung into line. It is true that Mr. Howells' work, in all respects, belongs pre-eminently to America; it is American in its sympathies and outlook; and on his many canvases he has limned with affectionate truthfulness a great body of his fellow-countrymen, their innumerable types and moods, their largeness and littleness of mind, heart, activities

The Day of their Wedding.
From "The Day of their Wedding," by W. D. Howells (Harper & Brothers).

and personal ambitions. He once claimed and confessed this in a sonnet; and, incidentally, while doing so named his master—named him with a generosity that almost overleapt.

"The lame dance with delight in me; my mirth
Reaches the deaf untrumpeted; the blind
My point can see. I jolly the whole earth,
But most I love to jolly my own kind.
Joke of a people great, gay, bold and free,
I type their master-mood. Mark Twain made me."

We can leave it at that.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best tribute in four lines of original verse to the heroism of our Merchant Service.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to M. K. McEvoy, 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2, for the following:

BEATITUDE.

Oh, stark among my summer flowers it stood—
My little flowers pink and red—
Two cruel, crosswise beams of naked wood,
And that still form with drooping head.
The laughter died upon my lips in pain,
Nor summer suns could woo it back again.

"Why did You come?" I cried. "Why did You come
Among my flowers and butterflies?
I did not want You." And the lips were dumb;
But one look met me from His eyes
That gripped my heart like mingled ice and fire,
With strange, unwilling, agonised desire.

"Why did You come?" I cried, "to wake this pain
No summer's sun can warm to rest
Nor birds nor flowers can satisfy again?"
And then it seemed that on His breast
A tired head might lie with deep delight
While time and life and all things took their flight.

Yes, all was nought when love at last took fire—
Strange, foolish love to be so blind—
To know not in that form the world's desire—
The Rest and Rapture of mankind.
While through my tears what had seemed thorns till now
Glowed into golden glory round His brow.

Oh, fair among my faded flowers it stands—
My little flowerets pink and red—
And with strange ecstasy I feel those hands
In benediction on my head:
And have no wants—who was all wants before—
But to be near Him now and evermore.

M. K. McEVOY.

Mr. W. D. Howells and Bayard Taylor.
From "Literary Friends and Acquaintances" by W. D. Howells (Harper & Brothers).

We also select for printing:

MEMORIES.

When I hear that you are dead,
I think that it will never be
The great, good things you did and said
That will come back to me.

But games we played, and silly dreams,
And deeds unwise, and thoughts untrue—
Now you are far from me it seems
I loved the foolishness in you:

A jest you had for me alone,
And even death can never take
The secrets only I have known
And treasured—yet I shall awake

And find that you are gone, and know
How sweet and bitter is the smart
When laughter of the years ago
Leaves lonely echoes in the heart.

(Mary Arden, Harwood, Highgate, N.)

MY THOUGHTS.

My thoughts are flocks of homing birds,
Which, speeding tireless through the blue,
Carry without the need of words
The message of my love for you.

And sometimes when you sit apart,
Thinking perhaps of other things,
Deep in the stillness of your heart
You hear the whisper of their wings.

If they should find your pensive mood
Swayed by a passing thought of me,
Then scatter softly for their food
The golden grain of Memory.

Then as the birds unto their nest,
They shall fly swiftly from above,
And nestling gently in my breast,
Shall bring me dreams of you and Love!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Cyril G. Taylor (Washford), Hilda M. Barrow (London, S.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Flexner (Louisville, U.S.A.), Edith Beechey (Pentre), Erl (Durham), Noëlle Ffrench (Roscommon), Jehan Rees-Davies (London, S.E.), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), S. M. R. (Hampstead), Marie Boileau (Winchester), Mabel E. Godley (Birmingham), John Oakley (Southsea), Thos. Platt (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. Holmden (Ilfracombe), C. Whitton (Croydon), Amy E. Evers (Stourbridge), Winifred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Barbara J. R. Davis (Bath), Bevan Dawes (Birkdale), Faith Hearn (Christchurch), N. Donnelly (Stanford-le-Hope), H. Richardson (Forest Gate), F. E. Kennett (Ramsgate), E. Allen (Bristol), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Robert W. Fenton (Birstall), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Blanche A. Watson (Hull), Gipsy Scott Foster (Southsea), S. L. Salzedo (Stoke Newington), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), Mabel Leigh (Kensington), Ila Hearn (Croydon), Kathleen A. Braimbridge (Kidderminster), K. (Catford), Daisy Beacham (Gloucester), Madeleine Constance Munday (Leeds), Lilian Roberts (Treorky), Winifred Barrows (Parkstone), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), D. A. Russell-Gregg (Bridgwater), D. H. B. Snow (West Malling), W. R. Reid (Belfast), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Norman J. Bickle (Colebrook), Mrs. Allan Robinson (Hunstanton), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Arthur W. Payne (Dundee), A. Laurance Williams (Cardiff), I. L. Watts (Norwich), Mabel Malet (Hull), F. B. Kelly (Dublin), C. A. Munro (Glasgow), Wayfarer (Falkirk), M. M. Ferguson (Calne), Caryll Houselander (St. Leonards), F. Olsen (South Shields), Private J. P. du Parcq (London, W.), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), Don Freeman (Upper Norwood), Delphine Stringer (Norwich), Frank Mellor (New Eltham), Raoul Ponsonby (Jersey), L. Nugent (Chelsea), L. C. Palmer (Bayswater), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), M. H. Drury (Streatham), Winifred Wells (East Ham), Agnes M. Walker (Cambridge).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, 59, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury, Manchester, for the following:

THE LURE OF THE UNKNOWN.
REVIEW BY C. S. EVANS.
"A pint of double X."
R. H. BARHAM, *Misadventures at Margate.*

We also select for printing:

THE PULLER OF STRINGS. BY G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson.)
"Upon the harp her fingers laid."
SCOTT, *The Bridal of Triermain.*

(A. F. Strike, Harrow Road, Worthing.)

THIS IS THE END. BY STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan.)
"Brother, thy tail hangs down behind."
KIPLING, *Song of the Bandar Log.*

(Bertha Beal, The Old Farm, Poole Park, Poole.)

THE TERROR. BY ARTHUR MACHEN. (Duckworth.)
"When she was good,
She was very, very good;
But when she was bad she was horrid."
Old Rhyme.

(Miss M. E. Norry, 13, Pond Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.)

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED.
BY RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. (Arnold.)
"And so endeth a wooing."
E. B. BROWNING, *'Tis a morn for a bridal.*

(Margaret McCaig, Wilford, Eastworth Road, Chertsey, Surrey.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quatrain greeting the American nation on its entering the war is awarded to I. May, of 5, Trinity Church Road, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.13, for the following:

GREETING TO AMERICA.

Calm with long thought and high resolve you came,
Your sword for right, unmoved by wild alarms;
Greetings and honour yield we to your name
Holding you brothers in far more than arms.

We select for special commendation from the large number of replies received the twelve by Alex. Smart (Aberdeen), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), T. J. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil), Rev. J. R. Robinson (Bootle), Marion Burd (Birmingham), Grace A. Tann (Farnham), Mary Vincent (St. Leonards), A. H. Hastings (London, W.C.), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Maud M. Gittens (Strawberry Hill), F. E. Kennett (Ramsgate), T. G. Wilkinson (Market Harborough).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Rachel Swete Macnamara, of Raffeen, New Milton, Hants, for the following:

HELEN IN LOVE. BY AMBER REEVES.

(Hurst & Blackett.)

Love is an encyclopædic word into whose four letters are packed many varying meanings. In this brilliantly analytical study of Helen Thorn, as girl and woman, its finer and nobler forms seem to have entirely evaded the author. Helen's people repel by their sordidness; the other characters, cleverly drawn, if with a touch of bitterness, never rise to any heights of humanity. Hugh, the

hero, is shadowy, while Helen herself, in spite of her monotonously osculatory adventures, remains from beginning to end of the book in love only with—herself!

We also select for printing:

FURTHER FOOLISHNESS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (The Bodley Head.)

The title of this book belies its character—it contains some of the cleverest fooling that is possible, and all readers will find it delightful beyond words. The skits on present-day literary efforts are inimitable, and "snoopopathic" well deserves to become a household word. Each chapter provides a fresh fund of enjoyment, and the final chapter, with its more serious note, is full of genuine interest. The writer is a keen student of human nature, and his humour is always kindly, never cynical—he laughs *with* his characters, and they are bound to see the funny side of themselves.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

STRANGE MEETINGS. By HAROLD MONRO. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

Mr. Monro has done much for English poetry in establishing the Poetry Bookshop; but he is also a poet of promise. There is, perhaps, nothing in this volume equal to the best work in "Children of Love," Mr. Monro's last book; but several poems show a strong individuality and a keen, if somewhat narrow range of imaginative perception. Two war poems, the "Lament" and the finely pathetic "Solitude," are the best in the book. "Trees" has some fine lines, but suffers from its irregularity of form. We should like to see Mr. Monro try something more ambitious than these scattered lyrics.

(R. W. King, Deepdene, Catford Hill, S.E.6.)

SEPARATION. By ALICE PERRIN. (Cassell.)

Mrs. Perrin is at her best in this vivid and true story of life in India. Her theme is the trial of separation of parent and child, husband and wife, invariably associated with that life. We sympathise with the young husband so keen on his work, but lonely through his wife's selfishness. Mrs. Partridge—that queen of housewives with her clear optimism and common sense—deserves the undemonstrative author's enthusiastic praise. She calls such women "the cement in the strong foundation of a good and just rule."

(M. J. Dobie, Willow Cottage, Mouldsworth, near Chester.)

Mr. Bernard Charles de B. White,

whose "Remembrance and Other Verses" (Selwyn & Blount) is reviewed in this Number.

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Mrs. R. Mair (Haslemere), J. Harper King (Pinner), Gertrude Bishop (St. Leonards), S. Tonkin (Ilkley), M. A. Newman (Brighton), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Eveline Ida San Garde (Accrington), Mary C. Mair (Haslemere), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), E. List (Ilfracombe), Margaret K. Steel (Rochdale), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Alex. M. Paterson (Edinburgh), Miss Baldwin (Peterborough), John F. Leeming (Hale), M. Dunne (Glenageary), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Ruth Underwood (Ealing), Mrs. J. C. Dryden (Ruislip).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to A. Eleanor Pennington, The Blind School, St. David's Hill, Exeter.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT MURRAY GILCHRIST.

(1868-1917).

NOW the uplifted earth your brave feet knew
Shall take you to her breast, for you have made
A loyal lover; you have nobly paid
The poet's generous court in tribute rich and true.

O meditating heart and gentle eyes,
Fair was the harvest where you chose to glean,
And full the wealth of the appointed scene
That woke your radiant gift and made you good and wise.

Tireless for beauty, through the fairyland
Of silent wood and river-murmuring vale,
By edge and heather-moor, by dene and dale
Your pilgrim way you went, to serve and understand.

Until the magic of this English ground,
Won of long worship in her sanctities,
You brought to us, and with a glad surprise
We shared the treasure-trove that only you had found.

The master key you held, for not alone
The wild you trod: no life in loneliness
Brought you the sunny, genial pow'r to bless
Mankind with human rede and laughter all your own.

The heart its secrets to your sympathy
Ungrudging yielded; men and women knew
That all of this our life was dear to you;
No joy you could not share; no sorrow passed you by.

Not as a looker-on; for while you wrought
With patience to fulfil your candid art
And turn all truth to beauty, yet your part
On life's hard field you played, in deed as well as thought,

So that the least, who only knew your name
Was one with kindliness and charity,
Paid in the silver of sad tears as high
And rare a price as we, who celebrate your fame.

A little more or little less of time
Is no great matter, if the setting sun
Lights a consummate goal, when day is done,
Work ended and the bells have chimed their perfect chime.

To him the splendour worthy of his pains,
With death, the shadow of a purple cloud,
And love, to speak his living name aloud
While beauty hand in hand with righteousness still reigns.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

New Books.

POEMS OF NEW MYSTICISM.*

Amid a chorus of bepraised poetasters, it is refreshing to encounter a true poet—one who sings with individual inspiration. True, the poetry is unequal, its rhythms and expression sometimes harsh, often abrupt, and at times halting. True, also, its vision which dares to gaze into the infinite is not infrequently, perhaps necessarily, vague or even strained. But of its main and pervasive quality there can be no doubt. He renders with singular force and pathos at once the beauty, the tragedy, and the mystery of human struggle and aspiration. He penetrates to the divine. And his instrument is the mysticism of science—that new mysticism which finds in space and the stars a human amalgam of matter and spirit, while it almost lifts the fringe of the veil that conceals the infinite and the eternal. To man it relates the whole universe; man and the universe indeed share the same nature and supernature mutually interactive. The sublime "Substance" of Spinoza underlies all Mr. Masefield's outlook. He is a seer. Nor are we surprised. "Perfect life," he has said in "The Street of To-day," "or that which we on earth call God, is no thunderous thing clothed in the lightning, but something lovely and unshaken in the mind." This might well be the motto of this little volume.

The Lollingdon Downs poems are placed between two layers, so to speak, of sonnets, both of which are concerned with the thoughts and feelings above indicated, and are really one. These divisions should be viewed separately, for they are distinct. His dramatic sympathy with nature, haunting and haunted, differs from his sensitiveness to the unseen and the unknown. In the last he sees through a glass darkly, in the first, face to face. But always he sees as he sings.

Among the initial sonnets, take this which is perhaps the key to the whole:

"Out of the special cell's most special sense
Came the suggestion when the light was sweet;
All skill, all beauty, all magnificence
Are hints so caught, man's glimpse of the complete.
And though the body rots, that sense survives;
Being of life's own essence, it endures
(Fruit of the Spirit's tillage in men's lives)
Round all this ghost that wandering flesh immures.
That is our friend, who when the iron brain
Assails, or the earth clogs, or the sun hides,
Is the good God to whom none calls in vain,
Man's Achieved Good, which, being Life, abides.
The man-made God, that man in happy breath
Makes in despite of Time and dusty Death."

This is truly fine, and it has a half Elizabethan, almost a Shakespearean, ring. The weak side of its idea, however, surely is that though we may adumbrate truth by claiming that God is all, all is certainly not God. But the strength of the dominant note resides in reverence for the Divine-human which no flesh can put asunder—of that glory which even on earth, as he phrases it in his next sonnet, "seeks the one city in a million ways." Nevertheless, this very idea seems to alternate with a sort of Nature-worship:

* * * * *

"We on this earth are servants of the sun:
Out of the sun comes all the quick in me,
His golden touch is life to every one.

* * * * *

Beauty is but a looking on his face;
He clears the mind, he makes the roses red.
What he may be, who knows? But we are his;
We roll through nothing round him year by year."

But in the worlds there is a splendour transcending the marvel of "blood and brain":

"Not only blood and brain its servants are;
There is a finer power that needs no slaves,
Whose lovely service distance cannot bar,
Nor the green sea with all her hell of waves.

* * * * *

It is a stretching of the Spirit's hand
To touch the brother's or the sister's soul:
So that from darkness in the narrow room
I can step forth and be about her heart."

It is to the life of lives, the heart of hearts, that the spirit ever outreaches.

In one of the later sonnets he compares the body "with its wandering ghost," to

"... an empty grange
Dark in a night that owls inhabit most.
Yet when the King rides by there comes a change.
The windows gleam, the cresset's fiery hair
Blasts the blown branch and beauty lodges there."

And yet doubts blow us to and fro in "this noisy sick-room of ourselves":

"There is no beauty, nor could beauty care
For us, This dust, that men make everywhere."

But ever it is the mysterious intercommunication of the spirit and the universe that seals his faith. He figures even some unknown planet:

"Singing in the frozen void its word of awe
One wandering thought in all that idiot mind,"

as one day inspiring:

"Beauty unguessed in those who habit here.

* * * * *

Perhaps in chasms of the wasted past
That planet wandered within hail of ours,
And plucked men's souls to loveliness, and cast
The old, that was, away like husks of flowers;
And made them stand erect and bade them build
Nobler than hovels plaited in the mire,
Gave them an altar and a God to gild,
Bridled the brooks for them and fettered fire,
And, in another coming, forged the steel
Which, on life's scarlet wax, for ever set
Longing for beauty beaten as a seal
That blood not clogs nor centuries forget,
That built Atlantis, and in time will raise
That grander thing whose image haunts our days."

This is a noble imagination nobly imaged. Yet even here the clumsiness of "That blood not clogs" is a drawback, as in another poem, the "did rise—and did fall."

In this connection, and far from captiously, it may be pointed out that sometimes, too, the word is the slave of the rhyme, that an assonance like "resolve" and "dissolve" should be mended; that the transitive use of "wrestle" seems to have no precedent like his intransitive use of "habit"—which is Chaucerian; that there is a monotony often of violent expression like the perpetual adjective of "red" intensifying even "knowledge" and the recurrence of "hair" as applied to the orbs celestial. But these are only specks on an achievement for which all true lovers of true poetry must be grateful.

The Downs poems are, of course, not mystic, but some are eery, and all pathetic rather than romantic. Under all forms Mr. Masefield tries to discern the steeping spirit, and though he is intensely "subjective," he is Greek in this—that he strives to discern the spirit as it is, "objectively." There is one of a country dance before the war, where the revel of beauty was prolonged

"... till the roses that hung round the wall
Were broken red petals"

that is specially appealing and affecting. With a colloquialism that is none the less poetry he tells us of the after-tragedy of those young lives. There is another of a deserted and accursed farm where a son had killed a father brutal to the sister, which renders horror with the same dramatic bluntness of delivery. Those who may object to the bluntness cannot realise the music which lends itself to quick, poignant recitation.

Mr. Masefield is no puppet of a cultivated coterie. He is a listener to the voices of earth and eternity, ever strange even when most familiar, and he re-echoes them with an accent of his own which will not pass away.

WALTER SICHEL.

* "Lollingdon Downs and Other Poems, with Sonnets." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE SCOTS STAGE.*

Mr. Robb Lawson's book is an interesting bit of work, noteworthy for the amount of information it conveys in regard to a little known subject, and for the enthusiasm of the author, who gossips with the utmost earnestness of plays that succeeded or failed in Glasgow or Edinburgh more than a hundred years ago. Fifteen English periodicals have delivered themselves of a jest in connection with "The Story of the Scots Stage" that a companion work might deal with the snakes of Iceland, but even the Sassenach wags are aware now that Mr. Lawson had abundance of first-rate material. He writes in a simple style that suits his subject. Books might be written about "Rob Roy" alone—that strange *mélange* with sound character parts that have made the names of many Scots actors, among them being Mackay and Tom Powrie. Mr. Lawson does not emphasise the fact, but Scotland is not an actor-producing country, and its actresses have been few.

"The Scots Stage" tells all about the drama in Scotland from the production of the Mystery-play "The Haly Blude" at Aberdeen in the year 1445 down to the appearances of Henry Irving with Wyndham's stock company in Edinburgh. Irving played the parts of Horatio, Banquo, Macduff, Catesby, Pisanio, and Claudius, and he appeared also in burlesque and pantomime performances. The Edinburgh critics praised Irving for his "gentlemanly" air, his earnest ways, and the care he bestowed on his make-up and costume, and occasionally chided him for some of the mannerisms that became features of his method.

The case of Dundee is treated at length, and Mr. Lawson seems to take it as a personal grievance that Dundee has not invariably responded with conspicuous enthusiasm to the appeals of the dramatic profession. He gives this resolution passed by Dundee Town Council in the year 1784:

"The Council and Trades, being informed that Mr. Jackson, Manager of Edinburgh Theatre, and his company intend to perform plays in this burgh, they are of opinion that exhibiting plays here is not authorised, but in direct opposition to the laws of the country and prejudicial in many respects to the interests of Society."

There is much concerning the two Keans—Edmund and Charles—and the story is told of how the two, by a trick, were persuaded to play in a Glasgow performance of "Brutus." Old Kean's rage when he found his son had a part was intense, but both went on with the show. Five years later they met on the boards of Covent Garden, Edmund appearing as Othello to Charles's Iago.

"The elder made some friendly advances, and everything went well till the third act, when he came to the celebrated speech 'Villain,' at which words Kean's voice broke down, and, falling on his son's shoulder he whispered: 'Get me off, Charles, I'm dying. Speak for me."

Two months later he died.

Curious particulars are given as to Sheridan Knowles, the Glasgow elocution teacher who wrote "Virginius" and "The Hunchback," made money, and was invariably in want of cash. Knowles is buried in the Necropolis, Glasgow, and it is said by an American tourist that when he asked who Knowles was and what he had done, a Glasgow grave-digger in the cemetery replied, "He was a shupbuilder."

In the chapter "Arbroath and Dundee Stage" it is stated that the Lawrence Fletcher company which the king sent to Aberdeen in 1601 are supposed to have given a performance in Dundee on their way north. There exists no record, and Mr. Lawson remarks that probably the local historian of that date, if he were a good citizen, would expunge the disgraceful item from his book. Mr. Lawson mentions the Dundee tradition that Shakespeare himself played in the town, and the belief, founded on fiction, that in Aberdeen and Dundee he got local colour for "Macbeth."

DAVID HODGE.

* "The Story of the Scots Stage." By Robb Lawson. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Paisley: Gardner.)

A VAGABOND'S ODYSSEY.*

A sequel is supposed to, and as a rule does, fall short of its predecessor. Not having read Mr. Middleton's first book the present writer is unable to compare with it the work now under review, and can only say that if it falls short of interest in any particular the other must then be one of surpassing attraction. This continuation of Mr. Middleton's reminiscences is a fascinating record, and will, without a doubt, be warmly welcomed by his former readers. The author, as he himself tells us, has been almost everything in his travels: stowaway, sailor before the mast, bandmaster on a mail steamer, wet-nurse to Samoan twins, bushman, boundary-rider, woodcutter, sundowner, post-digger, snow-sweeper in North America, painter, deck-hand, "Shilling-a-monther" in a liner's stokehold, mess-room steward, native overseer, private grave-digger, author, violinist in the large cities of the world, music teacher, song writer, cornet player, composer of music for military bands, actor and singer, trader, canvasser for crank patents and medicine, banana planter in Jamaica, nut planter in the South Sea Islands, gold miner in Australia, violinist to Geisha girls in Japan, and leader of numerous splendid schemes that mostly failed. And to cap this breathless record it should be added that he knows how to recount his adventures in stirring fashion. His wanderings took him to North America, Australia, New Zealand, and many of the groups of islands in the North and South Pacific Oceans. He has also visited the west coast of Africa—that torrid region which at one time was looked upon as the white man's grave. It was not, however, exclusively the climate that was the cause of its ill-repute; "drink and the devil had done the rest."

During his visits to Samoa Mr. Middleton saw much of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he has many details of his intercourse with that still fascinating writer and good fellow. The author and his companion—an American sailor—were taking part in a native wedding festival as violinist and banjoist. R. L. S. arrived "with his face wreathed in smiles and stood just inside the door talking to the natives." Outside "the hall," the youths and girls began to dance and caper about:

"When we arrived in the fresh air Stevenson was standing by the doorway smoking. . . . Several native girls came up to us and, laughing, seized us and invited us to dance. The girl who had gripped hold of Stevenson was a very wild but good-looking maid, and gazing up into his face she started to make eyes at him. Stevenson looked round laughingly, and then accepted the invitation of the girl to dance with him, and so off they went! . . . Stevenson seemed delighted with himself for a little while, and then we got too hot and, much to the disgust of the maids, stopped. Now I am coming to the comical part of it all, for Stevenson's partner proceeded to make violent love to him, and the look on his face made it quite obvious that he was beginning to feel uncomfortable, for he eventually walked off and she at once followed him! He made several attempts to get rid of her by talking to a native who stood by, but still the girl persisted, till he suddenly walked up to me and said: 'I say, for God's sake get her away somewhere; dance with her, do anything to attract her attention.' I at once went to the rescue and asked her to dance."

Stevenson then left, whereupon Mr. Middleton's partner

"threw her arms about my neck and began to say loving things about my beauty . . . several natives standing under the trees shaking with laughter as they watched us. . . .

"'I say, Hill,' I said, as I quickly turned to my comrade, 'she wants you to dance with her; do take her, old fellow.' . . . "

Released from this embarrassing girl he, too, bolted to look for Stevenson. He found him peeping through a chink of a native hut.

"'Has she gone?' he said. 'Yes, I've got rid of her; she's a bit wrong in her head,' I answered. Then, as Stevenson came out into the open, ready to start away home, to our astonishment the girl . . . ran across the grass and embraced him once more! 'Well I'm d——d!' he said, and at that moment two natives came across the track and collared her."

From the above specimen it will be seen how full of

* "A Vagabond's Odyssey: Being further Reminiscences of a Wandering Sailor-Troubadour in Many Lands." By A. Safroni Middleton. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

interest the book must be, for similar amusing and well-told stories abound. Further, Mr. Middleton has the soul of a poet, and sees things with imaginative insight. Attention should be called to two fairy stories told by a Maori chief and his daughter, respectively, which are strikingly beautiful.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

T. W. H. CROSLAND'S POEMS.*

Few men have written more about poetry than T. W. H. Crosland, and now that he has given to the public his own collected poems most students of poetry will scan them with a critical eye. As a collection this volume is remarkable for its uniform maturity of thought and vigour of expression. Readers in other days of the *Outlook*, the *Academy*, and the old *English Review* knew long since Mr. Crosland's quality as a writer of verse. His "Pleasant Odes," "Outlook Odes," and "Other People's Wings" show him to be a craftsman both original and imitative. But what strikes one in reading the volume under review is that it contains no evidence of growth, no variety of anything but subject and form, no youthful efforts, no simple love lyrics, no betrayal of uncontrolled emotions, no soul yearnings for either the finite or the infinite, no groping in the labyrinth of the eternal mysteries and no revelation. Everything in it might have been written in a single night for any apparent change in temperament or outlook. The natural deduction is that this is more a selection than a collection, although it may be all the author wishes to live. This is probably a mistake, for, although poets are born, they also grow and change and mature, and in these processes attune their song to the temper of this ever growing world of men and things.

The whole world, everything and every one in it, is to Mr. Crosland a challenge, and, being a poet of the muscular school with something of Browning, Henley and Kipling in their sterner moods, no challenge is left unaccepted, and always the contest is waged with the same skill, strength, endurance and respect for points of honour. Like the poet-king of Israel, Mr. Crosland has been a man of war from his youth up. Therefore, although some of his peace-time poems, and especially those in sonnet form, are exceptionally strong and appealing—"The Epitaph" and "Cor Cordium," for instance—he is at his best in his war poems. I should like to quote the whole of "A Chant of Affection." Every one of these 150 lines should be learnt by every schoolboy and recited from every platform. Here are a few of them wherein, in response to the German "Hate, hate, hate, for England," he says:

> "How shall we hate you back—
> We who are England; we
> Whose bugles round the world
> Blow to the punctual dawns
> And fail not; whose great ships
> Traverse the seventy seas
> And always are at home;
> Who are too big for hate,
> Too careless and too fine,
> Too tempered and too proud——"

"The Diners" is perhaps the strongest satire yet written on the well groomed young shirker. The sonnet "The Ass" is in the same strain—the sestet of which may fittingly close this brief notice:

> "Cheerfullest wight! It is his constant whim
> To beam on Fate. All that he asks is love,
> A salad, a glass of wine, music that charms,
> A book, a friend, and 'the blue sky above'—
> And underneath, the everlasting arms
> Of them that toil and groan and bleed for him."

WILLIAM BLANE.

MEMORIES OF "DUNDREARY."†

Not so "melancholy" at all! How should it be? Mr. Sothern devotes a large portion of his book to reminiscences of his father, "Dundreary"; and to write or think or talk of that rare player and incorrigible jester is to "turn melancholy forth to funerals." "Dundreary," says his son, "was like no other man alive. His moods were as violently varied as the wind. His tenderness, his audacity, his agility of mind and body, his elfin spirit of mischief, his pity for the unfortunate, his schoolboy delights in the strangest of pranks made up a very lovable and unique personality." Sothern's Dundreary in that poorest of plays, "Our American Cousin," has passed into a tradition of the stage, like Kean's Shylock, Liston's Paul Pry, Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Irving's Matthias; and playgoers who never witnessed the performance have certain hereditary mental associations with it. To have seen it, as in his salad days the writer did, is to remember it; and this also is a testimony of its uniqueness, since a playgoer's recollections, save those of high intensity, are somewhat easily obliterated. How much can we recall of what we saw—and enjoyed—at the theatre five-and-twenty years ago? On the pranks of Dundreary off the stage his son can scarcely choose but dwell, for they were in truth a part of his expression of himself, an expression of the nervous force which he had in such extraordinary abundance, and which must be emitted on the stage at night, in the saddle during the hunting season, and in practical jokes at most other times. No friend of Sothern's ever knew what he would be up to, and few were the friends whom he had not victimised. John McCullough, at some benefit affair, was to declaim the poem, "Flynn of Virginia." Sothern, who would never recite, took a fiendish pleasure in disconcerting reciters, and to this entertainment he went with Edwin James. McCullough came on and began: "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?"

> "Ned Adams and my father stood up and, looking steadily at McCullough, solemnly shook their heads, and resumed their seats.
>
> "McCullough was disconcerted, but went at it again. 'You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?' Again the two solemn figures arose, shook their heads sadly, and reseated themselves. This occurred three or four times, each time McCullough finding it more impossible to control his laughter, until at last he could do so no longer, and went off the stage hysterical."

During the years of his apprenticeship to the theatre he heaped failure on failure; but in fighting through failure to success he seems always to have done it at the top of his spirits, the nerve force in him increasing at every wretched turn of fortune. After a fiasco in Boston he applied to a manager in New York. The manager wired to him "I would not have you if you paid me a hundred dollars a week." Sothern replied: "Terms accepted. Expect me by next train"—and he went, and got his little situation.

Plainly, the buoyant and bubbling jester was a man of indomitable will to whom defeat was but a new inspiration; and Sothern triumphed; and his memory is more than that of the jester and the comedian who beats his way through the crowd of his contemporaries: it is the memory of one of the most finished and devoted artists in the history of his profession.

On his own merits Mr. E. H. Sothern is, if not absolutely dumb, as modest as Dr. Pangloss says a modest man should be. He has, too, all his father's candour. From his first manager in America he received no salary, but was asked to present himself with the rest of the company at the pay office and take the customary envelope.

> "No sooner did I grasp it than one of the minor members of the company said: 'You couldn't lend me ten dollars out of your salary, could you?'
>
> "'You can have it all,' said I, and handed him my envelope.
>
> "He looked at me, puzzled, but took the envelope and opened it. 'Don't you get anything?' said he.
>
> "'No,' said I.
>
> "'Why not?' said he.
>
> "'I'm not worth it,' said I."

No, no; this is not a "melancholy" book at all.

T. H.

* "The Collected Poems of T. W. H. Crosland." 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

† "My Remembrances: the Melancholy Tale of 'Me.'" By Edward H. Sothern. Illustrated. (Cassell.)

NEW POETRY.

Messrs. Constable are interested in the young poets who are eagerly dropping one convention to take up as eagerly with another. We were doing just the same thing a golden quarter of a century ago. The war, which has affected everything, has affected the young poetry. New forms, such as Futurism or Imagism, or any such ism, require leisure and something of a dilettante spirit to urge on their revolt. The poetry which is coming from our fighting men in amazing quality, as well as quantity, follows the old forms. The lilt and the rhyme yet make their simple appeal to the child in the human heart that craves poetry as a thing of delight.

Messrs. Constable's "Annual of New Poetry"[1] is not so very new after all. It is somewhere between the elder and the young poetry. All the poets, with perhaps the exceptions of Edward Eastaway (the late Edward Thomas) and possibly Robert Frost, have been before the public that cares for poetry for some years. One knows already the beautiful poetry of Mr. Gordon Bottomley, which can be splendidly ornate at one moment and perfectly simple the next: one knows Mr. W. H. Davies' lark-songs—he has moments of gratuitous ugliness, and he is very ugly in one of these poems: and the studies from life fused with the glamour of poetic imagination of W. W. Gibson. Then there is Mr. John Drinkwater whose later poems tend to a delicate and pure austerity which appears to be his gift, so that one prefers "Olton Pools" by a long way before the classical fragments, one of which is here resuscitated. Mr. R. C. Trevelyan and Mr. Sturge Moore have already arrived, so that except for Edward Thomas the book has few thrills of discovery for the reader or reviewer. Nearly all of it might have been written before the war, although here and there is an allusion to what has altered all the world. In Edward Thomas alone is to be found the thrill, the surprise. Others of the poets in this anthology give us beauty, but it is an expected and customary beauty, whereas this one is new. "The Unknown," "Wind and Mist," "After Rain," "Roads"; in fact, every one of Thomas's contributions have something definitely fresh to express. There is an indefinite pain in his poetry, as in "The Word":

"There are so many things I have forgot
That once were much to me, or that were not
All lost, as is a childless woman's child
And its child's children, in the undefiled
Abyss of what can never be again.
I had forgot, too, names of mighty men
That fought and lost or won in the old wars
Of kings and fiends and gods and most of the stars.
Some things I have forgot that I forget,
But lesser things there are, remembered yet,
Than all the others. One name that I have not—
Though 'tis an empty, thingless name—forgot
Never can die because, spring after spring,
Some thrushes learn to say it as they sing.
There is always one at midday saying it clear."

These, then, are new poems—and will bring the delight of poetry to the reader—but not young poems with the defect of immaturity and its promise.

"Eidola"[2] by Frederic Manning has the classic touch. The inspiration is Greek, but the calm and undying beauty of the Greek inspiration is here concerned with blood and travail, with the terrible battle-fields of our own days. Colour and magic and mystery and the ways of the human heart are in these poems, and so beautiful and delicate are they that a sudden ugliness hurts like a rough blow. This is most accomplished poetry which persuades one once again that one of the finest blends of our human nature is the poet turned soldier, as in Sir Philip Sidney. There is a strange mixture of Arcadia with the horror and ugliness of war in many of these poems, while in others the poetry has the gracious charm of Theocritus. It is always the Greek manner. Mr. Manning's poetry will not be for the many, but the few will be rewarded. Here is "The Sign," which takes another form with the simpler fighting man—a Calvary perhaps standing where all else is desolation—but "the Sign" and the eyes that behold it are essentially the same:

"We are here in a wood of little beeches,
And the leaves are like black laces
Against a sky of nacre—
One bough of clear promise
Across the moon.

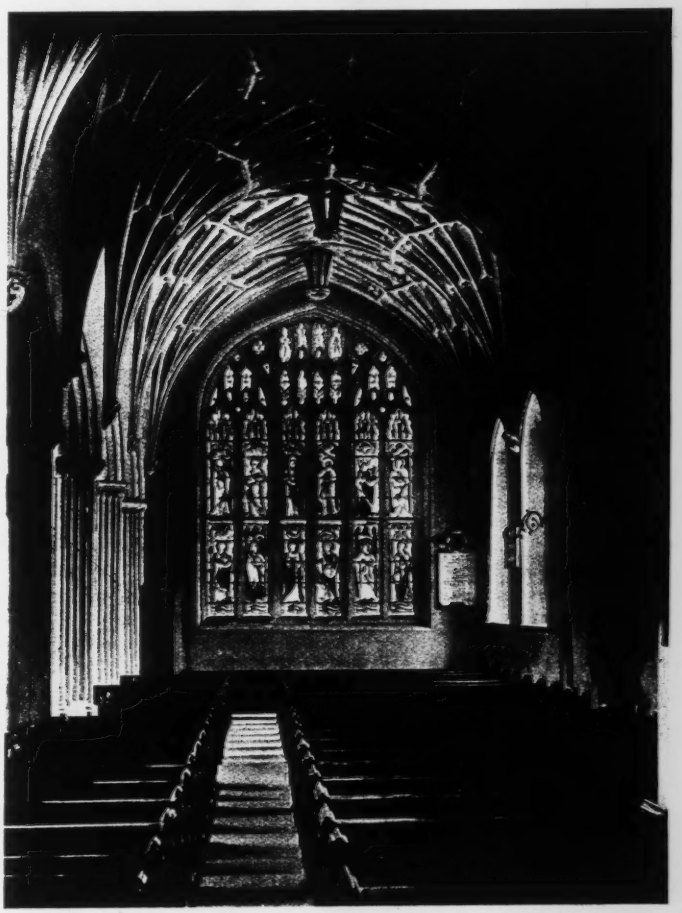
"It is in this wise that God speaketh unto me,
He layeth hands of healing upon my flesh,
Stilling it in an eternal peace
Until my soul reaches out myriad and infinite hands
Towards Him:
And is eased of its hunger.

"And I know that this passes
The implacable fury and torment of men
As a thing insensate and vain:
And the stillness hath said unto me
Over the tumult of sounds and shaken flame,
Out of the terrible beauty of wrath—
I alone am Eternal!

* * * * *

One bough of clear promise
Across the moon."

Has not this the cameo-like quality of Greek poetry?



The Collegiate Church of Ottery St. Mary.

From an interesting book about "Ottery St. Mary," which was recently published by the Cambridge University Press.

[1] "An Annual of New Poetry, 1917." 5s. net. (Constable.)

[2] "Eidola." By Frederic Manning. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

"The Temple of Janus"[3] is a sonnet sequence with which another poet, Mr. Griffith Fairfax, unlocks his heart. The war has its part in these sonnets, but they are concerned with many things besides. Poetry has come to her own in these days, in which the insincere and trivial have no place, and these sonnets are full of a stately beauty and nobility of thought and diction. Those who require much from that most exacting form of poetry, which has been so ennobled and enriched by its users, will not be disappointed in "The Temple of Janus."

"The Happy Warrior and Other Poems"[4] deserves our respect, if it were only for its beautiful title and the reproduction of Watts's picture which is its frontispiece. A merry heart goes all the way with Dr. Augustus Cook, the author. The book is high-minded and high-hearted, if it has no claim to purely literary qualities.

"Vagabond Verses"[5] have a rich trolling way with them that brings to mind the wind on the heath. Mr. Crosbie Garstin thoroughly enjoys his own poetry, so that the reader must share his enjoyment. But that is only by the way. He has been all over the world, in rough places and tight places, and he knows how to reproduce traveller's-joy for us in the true ballad manner, with an air as though he twanged it to a guitar. There are jolly songs, but the soldier-songs jolliest of all, full of high heart and courage and the love of comrades. He is at his best in the "Flying Man," and there is a deal of best in his book:

"When the still shivery dawn uprolls
And all the world is standing to,
When young lieutenants damn our souls
Because they're feeling cold and blue,

"The bacon's trodden in the slush,
The baccy's wet, the stove gone wrong;
Then purring on the morning's hush
We hear his cheerful little song.

"The shafts of sunrise strike his wings,
Tinting them like a dragon-fly:
He bows to the ghost-moon and swings
Flame-coloured up the rosy sky.

"He dips, he darts, he jibes, he luffs;
Like a great bee he drones aloud:
He whirls above the shrapnel puffs
And, laughing, ducks behind a cloud.

* * * * *

"The roads we trudged with feet of lead
The shadows of his pinions skim:
The river where we piled our dead
Is but a silver thread to him.

"God of the eagle-winged machine
What see you where aloft you roam?
'Eastward die schlossen von Berlin—
Westward the good white cliffs of home.'"

These verses are a taste of Mr. Garstin's quality, and very good quality too. This soldier-man's songs will find appreciative hearers in the trenches, and doubtless he would ask no better.

And here is Mr. Frederick Niven, whose "Maple-Leaf Songs"[6] have delighted our Canadians. No wonder, for they have the very scents and sounds of home. A young Irish soldier going home for a leave of three days answered a stranger who condoled with him on so short a leave: "I'd travel a thousand miles to smell the air." Here is the air of the North-West gathered into a book—"a box where sweets compacted lie"—for the home-sick Canadian soldier. For the thirst and hunger satisfied—and home-sickness is a common wound and malady of the fronts—we thank the writer of these fresh and racy songs.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[3] "The Temple of Janus." By Griffith Fairfax. (Smith, Elder.)
[4] "The Happy Warrior." By Augustus H. Cook. 2s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons.)
[5] "Vagabond Verses." By Crosbie Garstin. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[6] "Maple-Leaf Songs." By Frederick Niven. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE SHADOW LINE.*

It had better be at once admitted that "The Shadow Line" is scarcely one of Mr. Conrad's big achievements. It is not one of those sombre studies of the individual struggling in the meshes of fate in which the author's art is shown in its highest and tensest form, and therefore it cannot be put in the same category with novels like "Chance," "The Secret Agent" and "Under Western Skies," or with short stories like "The End of the Tether." It is the work of Mr. Conrad the sea-captain rather than of Mr. Conrad the psychologist, and being a story of the mischances of the sea, a tale of trials and embarrassments brought about by purely material and accidental circumstances, it may be ranked with "The Secret Sharer" and with one or two other of those memories in which the writer has embalmed some striking incident of his professional career. Call it what you will, however, a "confession," as Mr. Conrad himself christens it, or a yarn, as most readers will be content to regard it, "The Shadow Line" is distinguished by that unmistakable air of vrai-semblance in narrative and dialogue alike which is one of the most attractive notes of its author's manner. In bald summary the theme may seem to be rather attenuated; but this is due to the fact that such a summary can do no sort of justice to Mr. Conrad's knack of suggesting atmosphere. How a first mate—just become a captain—discovers his crew all incapacitated by illness, that invaluable medicine, his quinine, missing, and his ship becalmed in the latitude of 8.20; how he keeps the ship going with one officer only to speak to, a red-moustached mate down with sickness who attributes the climatic vagaries to the sinister influence of the late captain, an amorous violin-playing old madman who meant to have gone wandering about the world till he lost the ship with all hands, but fortunately died, and unfortunately was buried in that latitude; how, having found his sole and indefatigable assistant in the person of the cook turned steward, he is kept in a state of nervous dread all the time lest this willing worker should succumb to an attack of the heart disease to which undue exertion renders him subject; such is, in effect, the substance of this "confession," the most characteristic section of which, the ingenious account of the way in which the somewhat dense young captain is assisted to obtaining his ship, can be glanced at only in this notice. Like so many of Mr. Conrad's earlier stories of the sea, this latest tale is completely devoid of feminine interest, and the captain himself, being rather passive than active, can hardly be said to attract any particular sympathy. It is the description of the deadly and ineluctable calm that gives the book its value, this and the sure character drawing of the mate Burns and of the cook Ransome. It should be added that the supernatural element introduced by the former possesses the significance only of increasing the captain's worries and exasperations, and that the discovery of the abstraction of the quinine is given no melodramatic prominence. Those who like Mr. Conrad in his reminiscent vein will not enjoy "The Shadow Line" less on these accounts; for it is an admirably craftsmanlike story which maintains its interest from its beginning, through its middle, and up to its end.

W. A. L. B.

A PARABLE OF LOVE AND WAR.†

We are all very fond of exchanging forecasts about the end of the war—its date and terms and after-developments—but has anyone taken thought as to what books he would care to put upon a shelf in memory of the ordeal we are surviving? Naturally enough, some of us would prefer a classic or two, written centuries beforehand,

* "The Shadow Line: A Confession." By Joseph Conrad. 5s. net. (Dent.)
† "The Lovers." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

because they have been true comforters in moods of desolation ; and contemporary publications (for the majority hardly bear the name of books) will be all too few, though they carry the war uproariously across their front. As for the war-theme novels, most of them will have been forgotten, and it is even money, as Tommy says, that the public will have had such a surfeit of fighting that many other war-books now in suspense will fall stillborn from the press. But one ventures to think there will be a warm and growing public for this story of Mrs. Pennell's, unclassifiable as it is, and all the more human in consequence. From the altitude of a town flat she watches the studio of a young and struggling artist with the halo of matrimony and new-found happiness around it, and then on a day come duty and grief, for He goes off to the war. We never learn their names, and there is none of that laboured portraiture or stippling of silly detail which fills up half the romances of the market. But of the reality of the tale there is no question. It is as real as "Robinson Crusoe" or the Waterloo chapter of "Vanity Fair." Here, among the many letters that half-persuade you Mrs. Pennell has simply been editing a packet of actual correspondence, is a picture of the mess-room in camp at St. Albans, so incisive that it makes you draw your breath between closed teeth as you read. Another page away is an idyll of hope and memory we cannot help quoting for its colour :

"Not the thing I am now, a mock soldier in dirty khaki, but as I was in the old garret days, when I tried so hard to make you love me. Forgiveness, sweetheart, you already have, and a busy life will soon make me forget all but your Dear Old Self. Before many weeks are over I might be shovelled into a trench on top of a dozen more, with a jest as to my length and a curse at my weight, or lying blue and bloated in some muddy stream. Think rather of me beneath some whispering fir, or by some homely bush, where spring might blow a wild rose, or in some field of wheat, where, time to come, lovers will walk and talk as you and I once did."

His omen came home at Loos, and "tetanus and gunshot wounds" was all that the official report could rescue concerning him from the shambles of that fearful week. Between the first garret glimpse off the Adelphi, however, and the end in France, we get a whole parable of love and duty, history and comedy and tragedy, set in order with a wonderful sincerity, and told with a simple delicacy and ease and truth to life that make one think of the greatest masters of French narrative—and precious few of those.

J. P. C.

W. H. DAVIES' COLLECTED POEMS.*

In Mr. W. H. Davies the romantic poetical traditions of an earlier age are triumphantly revived. Most of our successful poets nowadays are either aureoled with satisfactory associations of a social, educational, or financial kind, or they were cradled into poetry by the sea, as Mr. Masefield was, or by a business life and the theatre as Mr. Drinkwater was, or by commerce, art, or journalism, as Mr. Gibson, Mr. Yeats and some others were. But Mr. Davies comes to us clothed in all the glamour that belongs to those almost mythical poets of the past who roamed the earth in poverty or suffered martyrdom in garrets, giving themselves wholeheartedly to the service of the Muses. There is no need to repeat the story of how he tramped the country as a pedlar to raise money for the publishing of his first book, "The Soul's Destroyer" ; nor of how he was living in a sort of doss-house when he had surmounted all difficulties and published it, with the address of that place on the cover as the address of the publisher. The significant thing is that within little more than ten years from the date of this first publication he has risen to a recognised place among the few poets of our time who are stamped for remembrance, and that already it is good and fitting that his position should be emphasised by a collected edition of his poems.

This single volume contains, as Mr. Davies says in a prefatory note, "what I believe to be my best pieces,"

* "Collected Poems." By W. H. Davies. 6s. net. (Fifield.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. W. H. Davies.**

selected from his half dozen books of verse, and if he made the selection himself, we may congratulate him on a self-criticism and an impartiality of judgment that is rare in poets when they are considering their own work. Those acquainted with his writings will not wish he had omitted anything he has put in ; they will miss some very characteristic things in his earlier style, but as poetry these were nothing of his best ; their value is of a personal or autobiographical kind, and it is well to leave them to be included by a later editor in some final collected edition. It is enough that here we have a winnowing of over a hundred poems of one of the truest of latter-day poets, who, without imitation, has spontaneously recaptured something of the secret of Blake and the Elizabethan lyrists. He has a grace and quaintness and delicacy of fancy that almost matches theirs ; he matches them in the charm of his unstudied simplicity and the sense of song in his lines that seems more natural than any art could have made it. He is not a great poet ; his place is on that lower shelf which holds Campion and Herrick, but one foresees he will remain there securely after many of greater pretensions have vanished from the library.

YOUNG RUSSIA IN MUSIC.*

The present volume by Mr. Montagu-Nathan is a supplement and sequel to his "History of Russian Music" reviewed in these columns two years ago. That earlier treatise dealt mainly with composers of the past, and brought us down to the times of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov ; this deals with men who may be called the living composers, even though one (Skryabin) is dead, and one (Glazounof) belongs in spirit to an older generation. The peculiar interest of the volume can be most clearly indicated by a bare enumeration of the composers dealt with : Skryabin, Glazounof, Stravinsky, Rakhmaninof, Rebikof, Taneyef, Medtner, Tcherepnin, Grechaninof, and a group of the younger generation. There is no other book in English containing the matter here assembled, and its value, therefore, to all interested in the most vital music

* "Contemporary Russian Composers." By M. Montagu-Nathan. 7s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

of to-day needs no further emphasis. The dozen portraits and the full index are added attractions.

So much on the side of merit. Unfortunately, Mr. Montagu-Nathan has not made as good a book as he might. He is so full of the importance of his subject that he has become portentous. He has been so afraid to be simple that he is sometimes scarcely intelligible. There are too many pages in a style that I hoped was dead and done with for ever in this country—the style of the solemn Germans who wrote unreadable treatises on the esoteric significance of Wagner, or still worse, the style of the humourless Englishmen who imitated them. Mr. Montagu-Nathan has something to say that is of immediate interest. I urge him not to impair his message by depriving it of the one indispensable merit of all good prose, lucidity.

The author seems to be afraid to let his sense of humour intrude into serious concerns. Thus, he hesitates rather ponderously about a suggestion that the British gift for music is more apparent in comic than in serious works. Surely the matter does not admit of doubt. The only successful indigenous music of the last half century has been the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Here and there an isolated serious work may claim attention ; but a careful consideration of all the British music produced during the last fifty years will show nothing at all resembling the continuous and legitimate success of these delightful compositions.

And then, though Mr. Montagu-Nathan rightly appreciates the satire of Stravinsky's "Nightingale," I think he is wrong in his suggestion that this ironic musical comment on the story is in the vein of Krilof rather than of Andersen. Anyone who reads Andersen's story and misses the delicately astringent satire of it all, simply loses the whole point. That Stravinsky, whose mordantly ironic style would be at home in a musical setting of "Gulliver's Travels," should have caught so happily the spirit of make-believe and of delicate derision in Andersen's tale is a clear intimation of gifts that make him the most significant figure in the world of modern music.

The author's judgments seem to me very sound. Naturally we all have our own predilections and prejudices. Personally I think there is a tendency to overpraise Skryabin, whose piano pieces, delightful as they are, are essentially minor poems. The works that he wrote in the normal idiom have many agreeable qualities, but they scarcely indicate the strength and personality needed for pioneer work in new regions of music. Such pieces as "The Poem of Ecstasy" and "Prometheus" seem to me unsuccessful, not because they are utterances in a new style, but because they have no genuine momentum. Compare Skryabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" with Stravinsky's "Petrushka." If your appreciation refuses to adventure beyond the works of the tried and accepted composers (and there is much to be said for this attitude) you will probably think both pieces ugly ; but even in your disapproval you will hardly fail to notice this difference, that one "comes off" and the other doesn't. "The Poem of Ecstasy" seems to drift about in a baffled, embarrassed fashion, while "Petrushka" has the crisp, decisive movement of a man who knows precisely where he wants to go and how to get there. Stravinsky certainly appreciates the fact that economy is one element of success in art ; and those misguided young Britons who seem to think that fine music means a very lengthened process of filling forty-stave music-paper might do worse than study the last act of "The Nightingale."

Mr. Montagu-Nathan's accounts of his chosen figures contain much that will be new to most readers. Young ladies in the suburbs will be surprised to discover that Rakhmaninof has written something besides that eternal and ubiquitous Prelude. I wish they would give the others a trial.

The volume has a very special interest at this moment. The music of young Russia has been never the music of acquiescence and submission, but always the music of adventure and revolt. Here is proof unanswerable, that art, genuine indigenous art, is no mere fashionable decoration or conventional sophistication of life, but the prophetic utterance and manifestation of the national spirit.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

MR. JUSTICE DRIVER. By B. Paul Neuman. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The story of "Mr. Justice Driver" is fashioned on large and simple lines—a story as real as life, and written with a knowledge of human character and a finished narrative art that are rare in modern fiction. Mark Driver, the son of a prosperous country solicitor, is destined from his boyhood to a legal career, but he is too brilliant, too ambitious and too utterly confident of himself to remain in the lower branch of the profession. He reads with an eminent barrister ; is a glutton for work, has no thought for anything else ; is duly called to the Bar, and then ruthlessly tramples his way to success. Hard, resolute, coolly calculating, he avails himself of the help of the sympathetic and good-natured, but regards such kindness and sympathy as signs of their foolishness and drops them without a pang when they are of no further use to him. As a study in the psychology of a callously ambitious man Mark Driver is a masterly creation. He is the greatest figure in the book, and the only unlikeable one. His marriage with the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished solicitor is a frank business arrangement. She is not happy at home, and is willing to be his wife though, as she tells him, she does not love him and knows that he does not love her ; she realises his high ability, and looks, for compensation, to sharing the eminence she is confident he will achieve. He wins the prize in due course, but pays too great a price for it ; gains his world, but loses his soul, and more, in the process. This is one of the few novels of the last ten years that have elements of greatness ; it places Mr. Neuman more unquestionably than ever in the foremost rank of contemporary novelists.

THE PURCHASE PRICE. By Ridgwell Cullum. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

A thrilling story in the author's best vein. Mr. Ridgwell Cullum writes with the old zest, whether he is describing the figure of his charming prairie heroine, or the fight which Jeffrey Masters, the ranch-owning hero, puts up single-handed against appalling odds. For an illustration of enduring grit and intensity of purpose to match Jeffrey's epic battle with the gang of cattle-thieves, one must go back to "The Twins of Suffering Creek," and the fight by which Wild Bill wins through with the gold to Spawn City. There is plenty of passionate feeling in "The Purchase Price," for two women are in love with Jeffrey, and the one that marries him is in no sense a prairie angel. But the fight at Spruce Crossing is the big scene of the story, and in that scene the author gives of his best.

THE JOYFUL YEARS. By F. T. Wawn. 5s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

First and last "The Joyful Years" is a love story, but it has a distinctiveness and quaint charm of style that writers of love stories rarely possess. In his earliest book, "The Masterdillo," Mr. Wawn told of a delightfully sentimental pair of married lovers ; but the lovers in the new book are not married until more than half their tale is told, and it is difficult to say which is the more charming—the story of how Peter Middleton and Cynthia Bremner fell in love with each other, or of how, since he was poor and rejected of her family, they daringly eloped together, and after a rapturous honeymoon in Cornwall, faced a wedded life that was broken into and yet perfected by the war. Mr. Wawn has the trick or the gift of handling the tenderest, prettiest sentiments with deft and effective delicacy ; he is not afraid to write down the intimate little language that happy lovers use, but he does it in

a way that catches your sympathy and subdues you to the right mood for reading and appreciating it. The middle-aged Shaun James, who is in love with Cynthia and might have won her but, because he realised that this would not have been for her happiness or his own, stood aside and helped Peter in his suit, is perhaps a bit of a prig, but then he is a famous author, and famous authors are apt to take themselves too seriously; moreover, the other sides of his character win your liking, and he scatters enough admirable philosophy through these pages to earn forgiveness. The joyful years "are those in which you are finding yourself," and it is these years of Cynthia's and Peter's that Mr. Wawn has studied in what is one of the sweetest (there is no other word), blithest (despite the serious touch at the close), and most understanding love stories we have read.

FETTERS ON THE FEET. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Arnold.)

"Fetters on the Feet" is a thoughtful and sincere piece of work. Mrs. Reynolds has chosen a big theme, nothing less than that of a soul seeking after God. When Margaret Grenfield lived with her Quaker cousins, her life was a circle of guilds, committees and institutes with which the Browns were concerned. She accepted religion and a ready-made God with unquestioning faith, and moved between the shafts of convention, upheld by the reins of moral discipline. But when Fate, in the guise of Cousin Alec's proposal, drove her to exchange the cotton-wool atmosphere of Chevin Lodge for the bracing society of Mrs. Fletcher, Margaret's sleeping soul stirred within her, and in its growth burst through the conventional teachings and shook itself free, to start again working out its salvation. But the freedom thus attained frightened her, for as yet it was not the positive freedom which comes of finding the truth. This came to Margaret after a long struggle, in a curious and pathetic way, which some readers may be disposed to criticise, but it must be remembered that as Saint Juliana said, "We seek in companies, we see alone."

HOUSEMATES. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Cassell.)

The shades of the prison house weigh so heavily on Mr. Beresford in this book that long ere the end of it he appears to lose hold, not on his story, but on his characters, or rather, perhaps, he deliberately merges all his people into one overmastering character, that of the grim old house in Bloomsbury. For where an open-air novelist makes moor or river take part in his story as a protagonist, Mr. Beresford endows mere walls with a sense of being. In one aspect this is a pity, for before the Georgian door of 73, Keppel Street closes on Wilfred Hornby he is a delicate, subtly unfolding creature, the struggle in his nature that most modern one of the individual who refuses to be "standardised" according to any professional fashion. Freeing himself from the automaton, Gladys, he takes those strange chambers in Bloomsbury and his humanity becomes baffling because the house seems to possess in Mr. Beresford's mind a far more vivid life than that of his hero. Wilfred is snuffed out and the house becomes a sort of vampire. As it emerges the people of the novel fade. The romance especially of the beloved girl is shadowy and unreal because her charm is utterly unable to conquer the atmosphere of the house itself, and the most powerful incident in the story, the murder of Miss Whiting, is purely an episode of the walls, not of the characters. The vampire has destroyed Mr. Beresford's original design till in the last pages he gives the creature its violent death-blow by shooting his hero into the Great War in the manner so wearisomely common among novelists of to-day. There is an east wind in the book, a wind that stirs the dust and makes the world so ugly that we cannot realise the love-story which is intended to give meaning and beauty to the whole. The people in it have quite forgotten how to fleet the time carelessly, and for them there is no golden world.

THE DUPE

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Author of "Gloria," "Red Pearls," "For Satan Finds," "The Girl and the Gods," "Love and a Woman," "Torn Lace." 6s.

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This little work is a rapid review of the main features of German colonial expansion. It can be read through in just *one hour*, and at the close of that hour the reader should possess in outline a working knowledge of the history, the cost, the policy, the economic value, the Allied conquest, and the essential elements of reconstruction of Germany's lost Colonial Empire.

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XUM

A THORN IN THE FLESH. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The first things that strike one about Miss Rhoda Broughton's latest book are its remarkable virility and its realistic characters. Miss Broughton has lost none of her cunning in the art of which she has been so long an exponent: her sense of character is as fresh as ever. Briefly, the story concerns a beautiful girl who cannot fall in love, and her young soldier lover who begins to despair of ever melting the coldness and aloofness of his lady; but a report that he is wounded and missing works a miracle in the girl, and she discovers how much she really cares for him. Immediately following this she meets with a terrible bicycle accident, and her beautiful face is disfigured for life. Her soldier lover returns, and we are prepared for a dramatic meeting between the two—the disfigured girl with her newly awakened love, and the wounded soldier who had vowed that nothing would make any difference in his love for her. Miss Broughton, who by this time has made us quite in sympathy with both her hero and heroine, works up the crisis of the story admirably. In a secondary rôle, a young girl with the unusual name of Parthenope stands out as a brilliant piece of character portrayal. Parthenope's matrimonial tragedy, though so flimsy in fibre, is woven into a vivid and strong fabric by Miss Broughton's capable hands. To the countless admirers of Miss Broughton's work, this book will come as a welcome gift of several hours' relief from war-strain—a relief that only a thoroughly absorbing story can give.

ARROWS OF CHANCE. By E. R. Punshon. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

"To my nephew, Arthur Ballentyne, I give and bequeath for his sole use and benefit the cricket ball used in the last Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval, purchased by me the day following the game, and I do this for reasons he should well understand." To expect a quarter of a million and to receive a cricket ball—such was Arthur Ballentyne's punishment for missing a critical catch at the Oval! The wealthy uncle who metes out this punishment in his will was of course a cricket enthusiast. "Show me a good cricketer, and I'll show you a fine man," he would say; and he scouted as absurd the possibility of a man with a crooked mind making a straight drive. That such an uncle in his dotage should fall an easy victim to the wiles of scheming Cousin George from Australia was only to be expected. By systematic foul play Arthur is ousted from his uncle's affections, and no sooner is the will made in George's favour than the uncle's death follows as a matter of course. It would be unfair to disclose the astute trick by which the dead man turns the tables on his murderer. Suffice it to say that the above-mentioned cricket ball figures prominently in a dramatic game of hide-and-seek, and so long as the ball keeps rolling the interest never flags. "Arrows of Chance" makes a capital story distinguished by an unusual blend of crime and cricket.

The Bookman's Table.

KULTUR AND ANARCHY. By F. C. Owlett. Frontispiece by Edmund J. Sullivan. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. St. John Adcock, who stands sponsor for Mr. F. C. Owlett's "Kultur and Anarchy," tells us that he is a practised man of letters, who did not think of expressing himself in anything but prose until the great war stirred in him thoughts and emotions that seemed to find their natural outlet in verse. The war is the sole inspiration of this volume. Mr. Owlett has written some verse of a light, whimsically humorous cast, but has rejected it as out of keeping with the tone of the book. He is right in feeling that it is best for the onlookers to dwell on the solemnity and tragedy of the war; although war is made more endurable for those who are taking part by many queer, humorous and unexpected incidents. This volume is full of fierce indignation, which gives the verse a strongly rhetorical touch. But the "Song of Prerogatives" has eloquence as well as rhetoric:

Voice of the Night.

"Eyes ye have, O people, for your weeping!
Death tarries not alway—
Weep while ye may!

"Blood ye have, O people, for the spilling!
Give cause that none should plead
With ye to bleed.

"Hearts ye have, O people, for the breaking!
And Dynasties foresworn
Hold hearts in scorn.

"Souls ye have, O people, for the losing!
Whom his soul would save
Should seek the grave!"

Voice of the Dawn.

"Arms ye have, O people, for the hurling
Of tyrants from their place!
Strength for human dignity's upholding,
Sympathy and human love enfolding,
In brotherly embrace,
Those who bear the flag of your unfurling
For Freedom's race!"

These lines on the "Doom of the Zeppelin" will appeal to many a non-combatant:

"Poised for an instant, stricken Leviathan tosses and twists and heaves,
Then—with a whistling crescendo of sound, soul-chilling, tumultuous,
Like the surging of storm-driven waters over a desolate shore,
Or the riving of forest trees opposed to the cyclone's sudden wrath,
Or the Wail of the Damned borne out to the marge of the Stygian Lake—
The blazing mass plunges and dives head down a thousand yards plumb through space.
Whispers the wind—
'Justice, men say, is blind.'
Say they?"

The poems have a strong individual note and, particularly in "Chant Regal," give passionate utterance to the democratic spirit of the day.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN. By W. L. George. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

There are such varied shades of meaning to the word "intelligence" that it is easy to imagine that the title of Mr. W. L. George's new book may give rise to sniffs and exclamations of impatience on the part of different people when they take up the volume, or first hear that title mentioned. "The dog is an intelligent animal" is the opening sentence of unnumbered school essays—can it be that Mr. George has discovered in woman another "friend of man"? "The infant is beginning to show intelligence" is the early boast of youthful parenthood—can it be that the author of this book regards himself *in loco parentis* to woman? Is the whole thing just a fresh instance of masculine arrogance, a condescending appraisement of woman by her superior? or is it an essay in the newer flippancy? Well, those whose curiosity in regard to the title leads them to the perusal of the pages that follow will probably answer their own queries in accordance with their own characters. Mr. W. L. George in "Woman and To-morrow" wrote a fresh and impressive statement of the case for woman's suffrage, and here, though the suffrage is but, as it were, episodic, he gives consideration anew to woman and her position in the vague to-morrow of "after the war." He pours scorn on the old idea of the "family" as something played out, and on "home" as something nearly as outworn as one of the intermediate shells of the fully developed pearly nautilus of the poet. He assumes things with the air of a seer, and states them with the assurance of a prophet, but happily of a prophet

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